

MCCALL'S MAGAZINE

cupboard





"NEVER MIND, PLENTY LEFT HONEY."

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

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To Begin With—

Just a Partial Table of Contents for January

A New E. M. Jameson Story

The Raspberry Turnover

In which a delightful little hero, a grown-up heroine, and then a grown-up hero put their heads together happily over a raspberry turnover.

Honorable Scars By Amanda Hall

A Big Story You Must Not Miss

Perhaps you have sometimes played in your own life one of the parts that Anna and Julie play in this story. The problem is old and the solution—well, see if you agree with Anna!

The Infinite Premium By Lilian Ducey

"Every man builds up his own theory about love—that is the love that does or might exist between men and women. The callow youth has his dreams, the octogenarian his memories. Only a few in the full flush of manhood presumptuously dare to believe it a non-existent sentiment." That is the beginning of the story. You will want to read it.

Make Your Girl a Success

By Helen S. Johnson

If you want your daughter to be popular, in touch with life, when she grows up, read this article. You owe her this special education!

Planning the Small Garden

By F. L. Rockwell

A successful garden is largely a matter of competent planning. Mr. Rockwell is an expert; let him advise you.

The Teacher- Mother

By Ella Frances Lynch

Throughout the country the teacher-mothers are organizing. Read this article by the founder and decide to join their ranks.

Whoops

By Frederick L. White

A matter of "Bugs, Bingles, and creatures with hats." They are for our boys and girls, especially, but grown-ups are invited.

Just a glimpse into what January will bring in styles—gowns with long trains, box-pleated skirts, short Russian blouses, the Grecian evening dress, and angel sleeves.

Shall we be tall or short, ill or well, fat or thin?

Decide for Yourself

It all depends on what you eat. In the January number Isobel Brands begins a series of articles on "What to Eat." They contain information that is extremely valuable for you to know.



"Ye Oldé Minstrelle Outdone"

Columbia Grafonola

THE minstrels who sang of the "tidings of great joy" in the days of long ago are supplanted by the minstrels of modern days, the most versatile, accomplished of all entertainers—the Columbia Grafonola, with Columbia Records.

The Columbia Grafonola truly brings "tidings of great joy" at Christmastide. There is no gift quite like it, no gift so welcome, no gift that could bring a more lasting joy.

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New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

The instrument illustrated is the \$200 Grafonola

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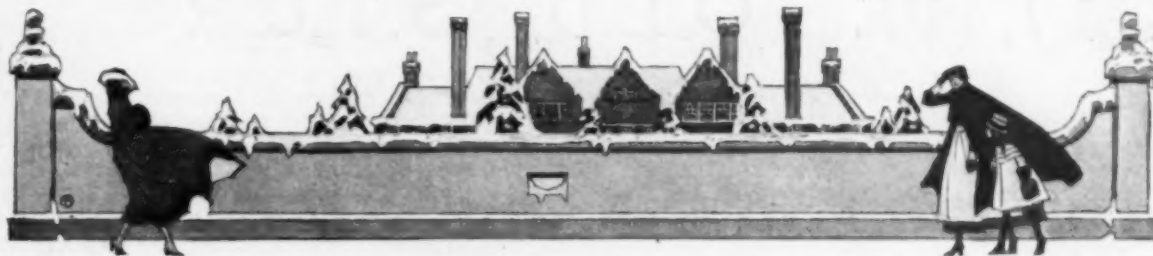
IT is a far cry from the tin bath tub of a quarter-century ago to the bathroom of today. With all the modern improvements, however, the choice of one bathroom essential remains the same—that is Ivory Soap.

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December

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

1916

IF I felt that it were wise or desirable, I should like to print some paragraphs from a few letters of the type we get

daily. But to betray the confidence of the writers would certainly not be playing fair with them, and, in any case, I consider it too great a privilege to be allowed to act as a friend, an intimate and personal one, to risk offending them. But without quoting them, I can paraphrase the question that is in all the letters. "How long need I know a man before I can let him kiss me?" "How many times in an evening should a girl allow a man to kiss her?" "Is it wrong for a girl, when she is out riding with a man, to let him keep his arm around her?"

These questions typify not only a half dozen letters, but a good proportion of all we get from young girls and young women. If you are a mother, you are saying now with shocked distaste: "Well, that does not apply to my daughter. She knows better, and even if she didn't know, her own instincts would not let her kiss a man she didn't really care for." It may even be that the possibility seems so remote from your own family that your daughter did not even come to your mind when you read the above. Nevertheless, despite her own instincts and your home teaching, she may even now be subjected to the same pressure that these other girls describe. When we protest, the writers of these letters add the crux of the whole matter: All the other girls in town do it, the minister's daughter, and the lawyer's daughter, and the merchant's daughter just as well as the daughters from the nondescript houses down by the railroad tracks, and so unless we do it, too, none of the boys will take us places or show us any attention.

THESE letters, identical so far as subject is concerned, come from all over, and from cities, small towns, and country villages impartially.

Our sons and daughters are our most precious possessions, and this is a matter which affects the well-being of both of them most materially. Even aside from the fine

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

By the EDITOR

delicacy, the fine appreciation we want them to get by having to ignore the most obvious means of pleasure and to seek for the more elusive, the more individual, the more finely flavored enjoyment, they can-

not afford to toy with their emotions, to play around the fringe of them, if they are to develop into the sane, healthy men and women we want them to be. Emotions should be treated respectfully at any age, and especially under twenty-five.

A few girls are blessed with an instinctive dislike of being touched, but it is not a quality universal enough for anyone to trust to. We teach our girls what is "thine," but apparently we do not lay enough stress on what is "mine." So far as I can see, there are just two ways of getting rid of this evil—the first one, the obvious panacea for all the moral ills of youth; making the home such a pleasure center that the girls will bring all their friends there instead of going outside to see them. That, however, is after all only a temporary makeshift, and does not put the responsibility where it belongs, on the girls themselves.

LIFE is not worth very much to any of us unless it means a heap of personal relationships, and those, our girls, like the rest of us, cannot get by being a Gaul in Rome. But there are other ways of being a human among humans. Every

individual has a great deal more to give than red lips and a warm hand—sympathy, understanding, interest in the other person, a friendly liking. In a more complex society, the women who possess these qualities are always the permanent belles. The woman who dispenses her strictly feminine favors lavishly is the heroine for a day and then she is forgotten with relish. Men take what is given them, but they can always be educated to a preference. Even in a town where "all the other girls allowed themselves to be kissed," there is still the chance for the one girl to hold her niche by giving not the wares owned in common by all her neighbors, but something individual to herself. The solution lies in being apt at substitution—in always having something to give. Vacuums are eternally disastrous in human affairs.

THE OLD STORY

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

Illustrated by OLGA F. HEESE

"IT'S an old story," dainty Elizabeth said.

Aunt Nancy shivered a little at the casual tone of her voice.

"Yes," Aunt Nancy quietly agreed, "a very old story." She was looking back over nineteen hundred years and seeing the Star in the East and the place where the Young Christ lay.

Dainty Elizabeth chatted on. Elizabeth was looking ahead, not backward across centuries. It would be so delightful to spend one moderately quiet Christmas—although, of course, it would be rather lively out at "The Firs." There would be such a jolly party of guests! But not a chick nor a child—not that kind of liveliness. They would not be waked up at the first premonition of daybreak by horns, drums, noise—boom-bang!

"The children have done the same things and made the same noises all the Christmases of their lives. I tell you it's an old story to them, and a money-Christmas will be a novelty. You know, yourself, Auntie, that children love novelties."

Aunt Nancy's sweet old face made queer work of trying to be stern, but it did its best.

"Christmases are always novelties to little children," she said. "I used to have a new rag dolly every year. Do you think I ever got tired of them? Each one was a new rag dolly. I was surprised and thrilled every Christmas morning before daylight."

Elizabeth laughed, not untenderly. Children—little Jocks and Jinnies—were such goosies! Perhaps it never was quite an old story to them. But a money-Christmas would be a new story. It would be like receiving some of Jock's beloved "magic" and Jinny's "surpriment" done up in a crisp, new bill. They could devote all of Christmas day to deciding how to spend that money.

"We've decided to give the children five separate dollars apiece," she said, "perhaps in separate envelopes. Ned suggested gold pieces, but we decided the children might not know them from pennies. I don't think Ned liked the idea, at first, but I've won him over. He's as relieved as I am to get rid of all the nerve-racking shopping and preparing and stocking-ing and tree-ing. We've always made slaves of ourselves to those children, Auntie."

"I know," sighed Aunt Nancy, remembering how happy she had once been, being made a slave of. If she could only fill a little stocking again; or trim a beauteous tree!

WELL, this year we shall rest," continued Elizabeth.

"We shall not even hear the noise those dollar-bills make when they are opened. We are going out to 'The Firs' for Christmas Eve and all Christmas Day—motor out, you know, all of us in a party. Nobody knows just what sort of jollification the Wildings are getting up, but one can trust Alicia Wilding to do something original! And Timothy is just as clever. I tell Ned it will give us a new lease on life, and possibly even make the hair grow on his bald spot, not to have to think of stockings and trees."

Aunt Nancy had a little mental vision of Jock and Jinny. "You've told them, I suppose. They know what is and what isn't coming?" she asked.

"No—no, not yet. Ned says I must, and I say Ned must. In the end, we'll probably draw lots—and Ned will tell them! It isn't really necessary for either of us to tell them—Salomy can, after we are gone. That's a good idea—Salomy. I'll suggest it to Ned. She can tell them the night before, of course, so they won't be getting up—whoop-ee!—at daylight. Perhaps we'll make it ten separate dollars apiece—we keep going up! We began with a dollar!"

"Do you think it would make a great deal of difference?" Aunt Nancy queried thoughtfully. "Children don't know the value of money. It's rag dollies that they know the value of," she added.

"And drums and tops and little kitchen ranges," laughed the mother of a little Jock and Jinny. "But don't you see the money will buy them all? They'll have the fun of buying them, themselves, the day after Christmas. That's what I tell Ned, and Ned tells me. Don't you look at me in that way, Auntie, as if you thought we were unnatural parents just because we want to take a Christmas off."

"I think you are," Aunt Nancy said calmly.

Jock was ten. Jinny was eight. For exactly six weeks, they had made exciting Christmas plans of their own, reveling in whisperings and secret sessions.

"I've got the jimest-dandy way to give Father his present," Jock confided sibilantly. "He'll hang up his overcoat! I'm going to put my present in the pocket night 'fore Christmas, an' when he puts his hand in, expecting to find his gloves or muffler, it'll pull out a Christmas present 'From Jock, your obedient son.' I guess he'll know who that is!"

"I'm going to hang mine 'for Mother in her stockin'—the one she's goin' to put on!" Jinny sang gleefully. "Then I guess she can't help findin' it! Christmas b'longs in stockin's 'stead of in overcoat pockets, so there, Jockie—so there! When Mother feels it with her toe—" Jinny broke into joyous mirth.

"What you goin' to give to Mother?"

"I can't decide—it's so important!" Jinny sighed happily. "What you goin' to give Father?"

Over and over they threshed the little questions out, decided and undecided. The pennies they had painfully hoarded were worn slippery with the handling of small hands, with the piling again and again into a Father-pile and a Mother-pile.

"Oh, Jockie!" wailed Jinny, one day close upon Christmas, "I've spent the Mother-pile—I've spent it! An' I've thought of somethin' nicer to get. Come an' help me unspend it. I've only broke one little corner off."

SO came, in the fulness of time, the day that treads on the heels of Christmas and throws all child-hearts into a panic of blissful expectancy. A mantle of snow padded the earth, but failed to drown the sounds of childish glee.

"We'll slip quietly away and not—and not get them stirred up, Ned," Elizabeth said. "Salomy will explain where we have gone just before their ice-cream at dinner. Ice-cream would take Jock's mind off our going to Timbuctoo! But Jinny—" the dainty mother hurried to another topic; she did not like to think that even ice-cream might not take Jinny's mind off her parents' absence.

Ned was counting over a pile of bills from his bill-book. Elizabeth found herself counting, too.

"That's eleven—twelve—thirteen! Ned, are you going to count out twenty? Let's give them ten apiece—please, ten apiece!"

"Eighteen—nineteen—twenty," counted Ned. He made them into two neat piles. Even as he did so, he muttered under his breath that twenty dimes would mean the same, or more, to them. What did children know about money values? He remembered an occasion when he, himself, had chosen a bright quarter in preference to a crisp bill.

"I'll get envelopes—any number of envelopes," Elizabeth was chattering nervously. "Salomy can give them out all day—at intervals, you know, like pills. What a new kind of Christmas it will be! Children do so like novelty—what did you say, Ned? I didn't understand."

"Novelty—children!" Ned mumbled.

Neither this father nor this mother of a Jock and Jinny lingered long over the filling of the envelopes. They worked rapidly, rather avoiding each other's eyes, it almost seemed. If they had not promised the Wildings—but they had promised the Wildings, and Alicia Wilding would never forgive—

"Come, we must hurry, Ned. They'll be here for us in their car, any minute. Take these to Salomy and tell her—"

"Tell her yourself. I've got to—er—to get something."

A big car was bowling smoothly, luxuriously, up to the door. Hands waved gaily from the tonneau. The father and mother slipped quietly out of the house; it was just as well to let little sleeping dogs lie. But Ned slipped back from the very door of the car.

"I know!" Elizabeth thought. "He's gone to add another dollar. Ned is an old foolish!" But, already, she had been an old foolish.

THE Wildings' country home was forty miles out of the town. It was smooth motoring, in spite of the sprinkle of snow, and the big car sped rapidly along.

"I'll warrant you had a time getting away from the kids," Timothy Wilding laughed.

Timothy and Alicia Wilding had no kids to get away from.

This was going to be a kidless party. "So restful for you, dear," Alicia said.

Was there pity in her voice? Elizabeth's soft pinkness deepened to a beautiful red. Alicia Wilding didn't know the first principles—the A, B, C of happiness. A woman who had never tucked a baby in! Never filled a little stocking!

"How smoothly your new car rides!" hurriedly said Elizabeth, cramming unwelcome thoughts into an unused room in her mind and closing the door on them. "What a Christmas lark this is going to be! No old story to this!"

Jinny was such a little fusser about the way she hung her stockings—there, the door was wide open and the thought crowding by her! But Jinny was a fusser—how many times was it, last year, that she had hung and rehung her stocking before she would go to bed on Christmas Eve? Ned had kept count; he thought it was funny. (It was funny—the little imp!)

"I went back and dropped a few dimes into an envelope," whispered Ned in her ear. "They'll like that kind of pills better than green paper dollars! If you were ever a kid—"

"I was," sparkled Elizabeth, "the Jinny kind! Only Jinny never hung hers up two days ahead and sat under it all day—O Ned, when we have a car, let's have this make. Isn't it a dear?"

"Bully car," nodded Ned. But he was thinking. "Bully little kids. Jock has it twice over all the boys on the street. Twice! What will Jock do with his money? Will this freak money—Christmas hit a boy in the right spot? What if it hit him in the wrong spot?"

NED plunged a hand savagely into his overcoat pocket, from the need of doing something savagely. Tissue paper rustled under his fingers. Under cover of Alicia Wilding's continuous chatter, he investigated that little rustle. Jock's gaudy

necktie gift burned its way through careful wrappings and stared at him with a hundred polka-dot eyes. The dots marched and countermarched before him as he read "From your obedient son Jock."

Alicia Wilding talked on industriously and Elizabeth thought she listened. The big car slid along in perfect silence, favoring Alicia. It presently drew up before the Wildings' beautiful summer home. Servants, sent on in advance, were waiting; they looked as though they had been there all the year. Everything was in luxurious readiness.



"OH, JOCKIE!" WAILED JINNY, ONE DAY CLOSE UPON CHRISTMAS, "I'VE SPENT THE MOTHER-PILE—I'VE SPENT IT!"

"Oh, Ned, isn't it lovely? If we were only rich! Don't you feel rested already? Nothing to rasp your nerves—"

"Not a single thing!" sighed Ned, his hand in his overcoat pocket.

"I'll go right up to my room, Alicia, dear, if you please. One of my shoes pinches in the most ridiculous way. I wouldn't say so to Ned for the world. He'd crow! He says I wear my shoes two sizes too short."

"Shouldn't be the least surprised if you do, my dear," Alicia laughed—how could a woman without children laugh so much? "But if one shoe pinches, I should think the other one would, too."

"You would think so, but it doesn't."

In the beautifully appointed guest-room, alone, Elizabeth investigated the pinch. It seemed to be her stocking, not her shoe, that was too small. Funny she hadn't noticed, but then she had hurried into her things so, to get away at the psychological moment when—it wouldn't stir the children up. She had managed that finely.

A PICTURE on Alicia's wall caught Elizabeth's eye as she released her cramped toes. That picture looked like Aunt Nancy. Now, why need a picture look like Aunt Nancy just at this minute of resting? "I think you are," Aunt Nancy had said calmly. Unnatural parents, she had meant. Aunt Nancy had probably been a terribly natural parent.

The long silken stocking slid off Elizabeth's foot. A little thread or end of ribbon had caught on one toe. Jinny's little Christmas present was suspended there, tiny and appealing. In the bit of tissue paper that the little ribbon tied—such a little bit of paper!—Elizabeth discovered a flimsy jabot of showy design. It was very compactly rolled. And nobody wore such a thing now—the darling, darling little jabot!

Scrawled upon a piece of paper, she read, "When this you see Remember me. Very sincerely your friend Jinny."

Something happened, then, to Elizabeth. Her stocking and shoe went on very quickly. She found Alicia's exquisite guest-room stationery and frantically scribbled a note.

"Oh, I'm glad I didn't take off my hat!" she sobbed. Because she had not had time to take off her hat, the sin she had committed seemed less dreadful. Supposing she had not taken off her stocking in time! But was she in time, now? She caught her watch from her little beaded bag. What time did trains go from that little shed of a station they had passed?

"I must write Ned a note, too. Oh, where did I put that pen? Ned mustn't know what I'm doing until it is done, but I can't let him worry. I must leave a note—that pen, that pen! Poor Ned, I'm not going to have his good time spoiled because I'm an old foolish."

She was an old foolish—she was, she was! But she was glad of it. If no train went from that little shed, she would walk. It was such a long time before midnight and always—always the shops stayed open until midnight on this night of the year. Of course they did! Where was that pen?

"I didn't take off my hat! I didn't take off my hat!" she sobbed as she hunted for the pen.

The two notes, for Ned and Alicia, scribbled and dramatically placed where they could not possibly escape being read, she caught together her wraps and little bag and crept, laughing nervously in her soft throat, down to the outer door. It was dusk of Christmas Eve. Even here, in the silent country, the air reverberated with noiseless sounds like the soft, excited breathing of waiting little children—little Jinnies and Jocks. They must not wait in vain!

Elizabeth took her bearings. There was only one road—bearings were easy. She sped along the dim and snowy road. Sometimes she ran daintily, picking up her skirts. It made little difference whether she laughed or sobbed.

"I never took off my hat," she kept saying to herself.

Near the small station shelter, a piercing whistle shattered the silence and Elizabeth ran in good earnest. Some one—a man—was frantically waving a lighted lantern at the

approaching train. Was it going to—? It stopped! The man caught Elizabeth's arm, and helped her to the car platform.

"They'll only stop an instant—signal station—found the lantern—had a match," the man puffed in her ear.

The puffing had a familiar sound. As the train lurched on, Elizabeth and the man faced each other.

"Ned!"

"Elizabeth!"

"Great heav—great Scott!"

"Dear heavens and dear Scott! Ned, I didn't stay long enough to take off my hat! I didn't! I didn't! You can't say—Aunt Nancy can't say I'm a long-unnatural parent—just a short-time one!" Her face was buried on Ned's shoulder. It was so good that Ned had come, too. No one should say Ned was that k-kind of a parent, either.

"There—there! You'll take your hat off now, if you don't look out! What are you crying about, honey? We're going back to the kids at thirty miles an hour. Sit down and we'll make out a list. Yes, of course, they'll be open. Of course, we've got time. Got a pencil?"

Elizabeth fumbled blindly.

"I've got Alicia's pen," she sobbed. "That's where it was. I had to write your note with a stub I found—Oh, Ned, put down 'magic.' Jock wants some new 'magic.' And put down a doll-kimono for Jinny and doll-rubbers. They have them; she's seen them. Put down molding-wax and a doll's parasol and boxes of steel things to build bridges and a little motor to make them go—I mean to make elevators go and wheelbarrows. Oh, Ned, how did you happen to come, too? I don't quite believe you are here! I came away so easy, like a thief. I didn't want to spoil—"

"Who cares?"

"What do Alicia and Tim Wilding know about the proper way to spend Christmas Eve?" Elizabeth cried fiercely. "Oh, Ned, we almost spent it so—so improperly! Are you sure we can—"

"Sure. What about roller-skates? We've always held out that they were dangerous, but the youngsters do ache for them."

"Put them down—two pairs, one pair shorter than the other. I'll have a pair and skate with the children, if it's necessary. Ned, put down—"

"Hold on. Alicia's pen has given out."

"Never mind. I'll write the rest on my heart. Oh, Ned, it feels like a blackboard. We'll hide those envelopes until after the stockings and the tree—Ned!"

"What say?" Ned was busy with jotting items on his own blackboard.

"The tree! It's too late!"

"Late nothing! We have all the trimmings, haven't we? Well, I'll carry a tree home myself."

They were like happy children, just released from some tiresome task. They bumped heads over the list until Elizabeth's hat came off. It was hilariously funny! They snuggled together like newly-marrieds. "All we need is the rice," Elizabeth laughed. It was natural enough for a woman with little children to laugh, especially when she was traveling toward them on Christmas Eve. They were getting pretty "warm" now.

WHEN the train finally drew into the city station, with maddening deliberation, these two excited young people leaped off, hand in hand.

"Oh, hurry, hurry!" panted the mother of a little Jinny and Jock.

"Step lively!" chanted the father. They almost flew. But there was time—time!

Aunt Nancy met them at their own door. Aunt Nancy!

"Sh! They are both asleep at last," she whispered, casting backward glances. "Such a time I've had calming them down! Jinny was the worst—be careful how you unload. My, but you do need unloading!"

"Aren't we regular Santas?" asked Elizabeth. "But, Aunt Nancy, I don't understand—"

[Concluded on page 17]

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO PEBBLY CREEK

By EDITH STOW

THIS is the true story of how the clean, generous spirit of Christmas worked its magic in an isolated settlement of southern mountaineers.

Pebbly Creek is a line of little log houses straggling down a narrow valley between two steep mountain walls. Only a few years ago, the entire little community was following a wild career of moonshining. In those days, every stranger was suspected, and even at noonday, if he were wise, he chose a road that would lead him around Pebbly Creek, rather than ride down this particular valley. When revenue officers were ordered in here on duty, they came in a compact company of six or eight and, if possible, captured a Pebbly Creeker and carried him along with them as a protection against chance bullets fired from ambush. A desperate raid, held fifteen years ago, demolished the last still and reduced the settlement to submission. Then the people turned to clearing out their timber land and raising tiny crops. But life in those remote regions is so simple and unluxurious a thing that three months' work in the fields supports a family for an entire year. During the remaining nine months, Satan, that convivial soul, undertakes to furnish an outlet for unspent natures.

Into this isolated settlement, the chances of business sent us for a seven months' stay. It was an opportunity for which we became grateful, for it cleared life of many of its wearying trifles. But as Yuletide drew near, we thought back upon the swell of Christmas feeling that was rising like a tide over the world outside, filling it with fresh, clean joys and generous impulses. Here in Pebbly Creek would be rows of men sitting on the rail fences and shooting all together into the air for excitement; half gallons of "old corn" would be the

only gifts brought into the houses; and such Hallowe'en-like jokes as stealing a neighbor and leaving him tied out all night to a tree on a windy mountain-top, the only form of entertainment. Already, from the settlement perched in the mountain gap above us, came down the sounds of shouting and shooting which evinced that its holiday "old corn" had arrived and the "pranking" begun. Rumor brought us news of similar revelry along the distant creeks and valleys.

Surrounded by all this, we wondered if it would be possible to make our Christmas festival of the Christ Child appeal to the people of our settlement. That was two years ago; but the first wonder has never since faded from the memory of that Christmas week.

Life sends us what we really need. That is a truth to hold to. In a bundle of ante-Christmas mail was a magazine article describing how a New England town of stately homes and set conventions hung its greens on the outside, instead of the inside, of its dwellings, in order to radiate through its streets a spirit of Christmas cheer.

It was a far cry from this cultured town to our raw mountain settlement, but the suggestion took hold upon us. Somewhat casually and very cautiously, we spread before the people our scheme, with a strategic appeal to civic pride. Pebbly Creek was to be a radiating center of Christmas cheer, a luminous spot that was to show the county how "to take Christmas." There were to be three prizes—fifty, forty, and thirty cents!—for the houses within a five-mile limit whose exteriors were most attractively trimmed. The little meeting-house, so the plan went, was to be kept open and warm as a kind of club-house for the young blood of the settlement, who were to take charge of wreathing it, securing and mounting its



IN EACH DOOR-YARD STOOD A CHRISTMAS BUSH



THE ART-CHILD OF ONE OUT-REACHING BRAIN



THE DECORATIONS UPON THE HOUSES . . . WERE THE PRODUCT OF MUCH TOIL AND ANXIOUS THOUGHT

Christmas tree, and choosing from their number a Santa Claus.

With the quick, whole-hearted enthusiasm of children, Pebbly Creek elected to set the county an example in Christmas-keeping. The only point over which they were dubious was the advisability of holding the "Christmas bush" in the evening. There had

been one or two Christmas trees in the county before, but these had been in the daytime, to avoid any possible disturbance that might arise from men riding abroad on Christmas night. Remembering the festive evening glitter of the Christmas trees that we had known, with the confidence of ignorance we insisted upon an evening tree, thus forcing the settlement to face a grave danger.

But responsibility is tonic. Pebbly Creek had set itself the task of radiating clean Christmas cheer. Not one man among them sent away for his usual "old corn," for fear that, in its proximity, he might be over-tempted. Not one "Christmas gun" was laid to shoulder, for the Pebbly Creekers had forbidden themselves any unnecessary shooting.

UPON this unprecedented condition the Christmas sun rose from behind the mountain and looked down out of a clear, tranquil sky.

The decorations upon the log houses, crude as they looked to us, were the product of much toil and anxious thought.

"We ain't never done nary such thing, but I reckon we can try," the people had said; and set themselves whole-heartedly to the task. Their basic idea, worked out by clumsy hands, was a bank of greens fastened against the outside of the houses, upon which were hung strips of newspaper, colored rags, even the surplus family



A GROWING TREE PRESSED INTO SERVICE



HUNTING THE CHRISTMAS RABBIT



JUST FIXED UP A BIT FOR CHRISTMAS



NONE BUT A MOUNTAIN MIND COULD PLACE A RELATIVE VALUE UPON THE DECORATIONS

clothing, and dead rabbits. In each doorway, stood a "Christmas bush." It might be a growing tree pressed into service or one placed for the occasion; but it flaunted the same pathetic array of festoonings.

The art-child of one out-reaching

brain was a newspaper rose. Three paper circles of decreasing sizes, notched at the edge, were fastened flat, one upon another. These journalistic flowers inspired such enthusiasm that the entire family of their originator worked throughout a night, snipping them by the light of the fire upon the hearth. Like a spreading contagion, Christmas roses soon blossomed on all the houses in the valley. But the crowning device of this creation was a cross of ferns and newspaper roses, a thing so beautiful in the eyes of the makers that, in order to preserve it from the ravages of early morning mists, it was carried in each night, and fastened, for lack of other space, upright to the foot of a bed, in the little, crowded house.

IT is true that they were setting the entire county an example, for quick rumor carried the news thither and yon across the mountains. With rustic humor, one man who rode through the valley described it to the people of his own settlement:

"Everything in Pebbly Creek is trimmed up. Why, I even met an old hog running along the road with a twig sticking out of each ear."

One old woman from a distant cove came in afoot to "take Christmas with her kin-folk."

"What has took Pebbly Creek? I never saw it look this way afore."

The reply was given in lofty unconcern.

"O, we've just fixed up a bit for Christmas."

None but a mountain mind

[Con. on page 93]

THE OUTSIDERS

By MABEL McKEE

Illustrated by M. V. HUNTER

IT snowed and snowed and snowed. And then, after a while, it began to sleet—not a regular, soothing sort of sleet, but a rough, bitter one, that made all of the people crowd into their own homes and stretch out in front of big, blazing, roaring, grate fires, and say, "Talk about the comforts of gas logs and steam heat and city life. That's all right if you just can't live in a real village and have big, old-fashioned grates and homey pine-knots."

But the big doctor of Hazleton was not saying a word. Neither was he sitting in front of a great, blazing, pine-knot and dreaming or ruminating with his family. The big doctor did not have any family, any more than he had a fireplace. The nearest approach to a family of which he could boast was the whole bevy of mice which lived in his clothes-closet, and which ran out into his office as far as the rusty, old cast-iron stove. And, as for dreaming—well, the big doctor did not ever know how to begin the very tiniest or simplest sort of a dream.

Monday he had spent the night going and coming from the mining-camp across the river—the top boss' wife had been sick; Tuesday night he had had an obstetrical case fifteen miles from Hazleton; and to-night, Wednesday night, when it was beginning to sleet—a perfect tornado of sleet—he was expecting a call—well, as he, himself, expressed it—"a call from the limits of nowhere."

Mechanically, he dug deep into his clothes-closet and brought out both his storm-coat and worsted mackinaw. Expectantly, he laid them on his already well-littered table. And then he walked to the window. The call might come on horseback or it might walk. At any rate, the sleet outside was just as comfortable looking and a wee bit more bewildering than the inside of his big, musty office.

"The young minister's over at Lawyer Bengston's talking to his youngest daughter," laughed the doctor as he counted the different village lights that shone out through the snow and sleet. "The store-keeper is calling on young Widow Wilkins, and every other man in Hazleton is either courting his sweetheart or visiting with his wife and children, while I—well, I—"

A FIRM, even knock at the door! The call had come. As the doctor crossed the room, he reached for his great-coat and slipped into it. He opened his office door, and there walked into the room something almost unheard-of on a stormy night like this—an office patient.

For one astonishingly long, amazing minute the Doctor just stood and stared at his office patient. Incredible, preposterous, and almost impossible she seemed. The patient surely couldn't be a patient. No, no one in all Hazleton had ever heard of Miss Betty Shaver being sick—not even of her having symptoms. Why, Miss Betty was just a prim, precise, little old maid, who was a teacher of mathematics in the Baptist College and president of the Foreign Missionary Society and the College Y. W. C. A., and every other college and church society in Hazleton. And she had neither a husband nor children to annoy her or give her any occasion to be ill. No, Hazleton had never yet allowed Miss Betty the privilege of being sick.

But right here she was—an office patient, too. Uninvited, she climbed into the big doctor's consultation chair and held out a great, round, silver dollar.

"Here is your money," she said in a perfectly tired-to-death tone. "It may be more, but I will give you this as a retaining fee and then, when I get through, if there is any more, I will pay you."

The doctor's heavy worsted coat slipped to the floor with a thud, as its owner clutched helplessly at something. A

terrible fear that Miss Betty was going to be stricken with apoplexy or something even worse seized him. The great, round dollar in her hand trembled and moved toward him in a way quite unusual and almost unheard-of in a doctor's office. Frantically, he clutched at a stethoscope.

"No, I do not want that thing," interposed Miss Betty quite emphatically. "You just sit down, Dr. Wyeth, and listen to my complaints—my symptoms, I mean. Then I can tell you just what I want to without being interrupted."

Dr. Wyeth sat down away across the table from Miss Betty. He wasn't quite sure yet that apoplexy was not threatening, and that silver dollar certainly did waver in a very unusual way.

"To-night I went over to see the President's wife," began Miss Betty monotonously, "and I asked her what she did when she simply had to talk—not talk ordinarily, but just talk and talk and talk about things that usually you wouldn't dare mention—and all the time she was talking, had to have some one to listen to every word that she said. And she laughed and then she said, 'I suppose you think I talk to my husband, but I don't. Husbands aren't very good listeners. Instead, I go over to the Doctor's and he just has to listen while I talk my heart out. Of course, it costs a dollar, but it's worth every cent of it and often very much more.'" Without pausing, she ended, "So I came over here, and here's your dollar."

MISS BETTY leaned back in the big chair and presented a droll appearance. Around her face straggled straight, sagging wisps of drabbish, brown hair, but no one could blame either the sleet or snow for this. Miss Betty's hair habitually was in wisps around her face. Her brown, sober dress hung in ungainly folds, revealing the almost vertical lines and sharp angles of her mathematical figure. As Miss Betty herself admitted, teaching mathematics for years and years, all consecutively, is bound to affect one's figure.

Big Doctor Wyeth wished with all his heart that that long-expected and up-to-this-time dreaded call would come! How long would Miss Betty stay and what on earth was she planning to say? And why was she so homely and middle-aged looking? And why did she keep reaching out that dollar?

"What do you want?" he managed to repeat in as professional a tone as he could muster.

"I want life," declared Miss Betty passionately, her eyes darkening and becoming intently alive. "I want to be really useful. Now don't say I am," she protested as the big doctor started to speak. "I know I teach mathematics and collect money for the heathen and conduct a literary society; and goodness knows how many other perfectly absurd things I do. But if I should happen to die to-night, in a minute there would rise up another teacher and collector and organizer to take my place. And I would like to be somebody whose place never could be filled."

The little office-lamp trembled and flickered and shivered until it almost went out. The doctor stared and stared and stared but Miss Betty continued, speaking almost as monotonously as a graphophone: "I just want to be different from all this—that's all. I'm merely a representative of a race of women, who have lived here ever since our Pilgrim Fathers first landed on the shores of Massachusetts. I have the heart of a mother and a débutante mixed. Of course, you can't understand. I didn't expect you to understand. I just wanted some one to listen, and you have listened. Here's your dollar."

This time, she laid it on the old, seamed, oak table, between herself and the big doctor. Rising, she began to

button her long rain-coat, preparatory to leaving. The animation and longing that had come into her face when she finished talking, left as suddenly as it had come. Her eyes narrowed and her mouth tightened. Wearily she reached for her umbrella.

OUT of the absolute stillness of the office, the doctor's telephone bell jangled. Doctor Wyeth moved in a relieved way toward it, and, taking down the receiver, answered the call. For a few minutes, Miss Betty heard a one-sided conversation, which was a perfect enigma to her. As Doctor Wyeth hung up the receiver, he turned to Miss Betty. "It is a terrible storm," he began, "and I have to go up to the home of the superintendent of the lumber-camp. I will go past your rooming-house, so I can drop you on my way."

Listlessly, Miss Betty assented. The fire that had burned so devouringly in her eyes while she had talked smouldered and threatened to burst forth when he said "rooming-house." After he had left the room, the corners of Miss Betty's mouth curved contemptuously. "He might have said home," she scorned, "or at least left off the rooming."

After he had helped her into the buggy, he lapsed again into silence, and Miss Betty watched his hands as he moved the lines to guide the horse. Around them, the road was quite deserted. It wound up and around rough, jagged cliffs, past half-century-old forest trees. The hail-like snow hit on their creaking branches and added a weird noise to the rushing of the storm. In front of them stretched only threatening darkness.

"This is part of a doctor's life," said the big doctor as he suddenly shifted his feet and pulled the robe closer. He thrashed his arms across his chest and breathed heavily. "This is just part of a doctor's life," he repeated, half to himself, as he shifted his feet and pulled the fur robe closer around them.

Through the roaring of the storm, Miss Betty heard him. "But it is life," she shouted back.

The sleet beat through the crevices of the storm-topped buggy and struck their faces, stinging like a thousand sharp lashes. The wind roared and the branches creaked with an ominous sound. Along the darkened road, the horse stumbled uncertainly and seemed to make very little progress.



"I WANT LIFE," DECLARED MISS BETTY
PASSIONATELY

In a very few minutes, the doctor's rusty medicine-case was packed and Miss Betty, holding it, waited on the office steps, while he went to the barn after his horse and buggy. The biting snow and sleet pelted down and blurred her vision until she could hardly see three feet in front of her face.

"It's a beastly night for a mountain drive," muttered the Doctor, as he helped Miss Betty into his weather-beaten buggy. "I should have called old Tom to go with me to help me see the way."

In front of Miss Betty's rooming-house, he stopped the horse and started to help her alight, but Miss Betty's detaining hand stopped him. "If I go inside, I shall grade algebra examination papers until midnight," she declared, "and you may, perhaps, be saving a life—that is, if you get there safely and on time. Please let me go with you, Doctor Wyeth. I can help you see the way."

"There is a great-coat under the seat, Miss Betty," returned the big doctor as he reined his horse into the center of the road. "You will need it."

The doctor shifted in his seat. "Miss Betty," he said grimly, "has it ever occurred to you that we might not reach that house?"

"Have we lost our way?" she asked quietly.

A perfectly thankful prayer surged through the big doctor's heart. He knew that most women would have cried out in protest, would have reproached him, and would have added to his fear. To himself, he murmured, "If I have to go out, I'm glad to have known this woman before I go." Aloud, he confessed, "I don't seem to know where we are. So many of these roads go just in a circle."

With a slender, gauntleted hand, little Miss Betty reached out in an attempt to fasten more securely one of the loosened flaps of the storm cover. "You're tired, Dr. Wyeth." She spoke so gently that it sounded as if she were crooning. "When we come to the next road, let's follow it, if this is one of the circles. Things always look worse than they really are, if you've had a long, monotonous day."

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MY DRIED-APPLE DOLLS

By ISABEL MILLION

Miss Million is probably the only dried-apple sculptor in the world. With her kitchen as her workshop and her neighbors as her models, small creatures, startlingly lifelike, emerge daily from under her fingers



MISS MILLION, AS SHE LOOKS TO HERSELF

ONE rainy Sunday, five years ago, I picked up a shriveled apple and noticed its resemblance to a wrinkled, time-worn cheek. The idea came to me—"Why not make a face of it?" My imagination and fingers were soon at work and the result was a very crude little doll.

That was the beginning of what has become a fascinating industry which brings me a nice little income from the handiwork which I have come to love. My first apple dolls were as crude as something made during the Stone Hatchet Age, but my

friends encouraged me by praising them. These dolls had no eyebrows or nostrils, but after much experimenting, they finally took on a human look. Previous to starting my doll-making, I had dabbled in water-color painting, and clay modeling, but I had no talent, so I had given up both.

From the very first of my efforts to fashion human-looking character dolls out of apples, I chose to use as models for these works of art the picturesque folk who live in the fastnesses of the mountains that surround my home, Knoxville, Tennessee. These mountain people come into the city in their big covered wagons to sell apples, honey, and chickens, so a trip to the city market always affords me abundant opportunity to observe my models and get ideas for my dolls. Frequently, I buy from them things I do not want, just for a chance to study their shrewd, weather-beaten faces.

I AM often asked why I choose mountaineers as my favorite subjects. The reason is that, to me, they are the most interesting of people. Their quaintness has always appealed to me, and, as a child, I never tired of making crude sketches of them. I often make a journey up into the mountains and visit some of my models in their homes—clean little cabins with strings of red pepper and "yarbs" hanging to the porches, and yellow hound dogs—always named "Dime"—asleep in the sunshine, and spend hours and days just getting acquainted.

The mountaineer dolls are not, however, the only types I have made. There have been Colonial dames, war-time belles, darkies, Japanese, Indians, Irish, and babies with faces no larger than my thumbnail. But the mountaineers are the only dolls I find worth while and my customers prefer

them greatly to any of the others. In the past five years I have made hundreds of these mountaineer dolls, a number of them have gone to foreign countries, and hundreds of them have traveled in Santa Claus' pack and ornamented Christmas trees and carried silent Christmas messages to all parts of this country.

TO me, my dolls are real people—not apple, cotton and wire, but real "meat" people, with characteristics and personalities—and it is with regret that I part with some of them. In carving the faces, each doll is given a name, and as the work progresses, a life history. Some of my favorites were Aunt Rhody, the match-maker, whose sons were moonshiners. That's why she had a frightened look—fear of "revenoo" men. When I packed up Uncle Toby Kyker to be sent to Chicago, it was with a snuffle, for

Toby had a "misery in his chist" and Chicago winters are so cold. Other dolls I abhor, and I threw one old woman into the stove. My disposition corresponds with my hair—both being nearly red! The Christmas dollies I start on their journey into the world most gladly of all, because I feel that their mission is one of pure joy and good-will.

Apple-doll making is laborious, tedious, nerve-racking work—so much so that a mercenary person would never choose it for an occupation.

When I cannot endure the sight of the dolls another minute, I cram them into my closet, like so many naughty children, and forget their existence. But after a week of seeing moving pictures, taking long country walks,

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AN APPLE BABY READY TO BE CHRISTENED



MISS MILLION READY FOR WORK



COLOR'D MAMMY IN ALL HER GLORY

GRANDMA AND GRANDPA DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS: TWO OF MISS MILLION'S PET APPLE CHARACTERS



GREAT-AUNT JEMINA, A BELLE OF VICTORIAN DAYS

THE SEVEN GIFTS

A LIVING MOVIE

By STUART WALKER

As described by GRACE HUMPHREYS

PANTOMIME! Does the mere word suggest something particularly out of your reach, an expensive, brilliant spectacle which has to depend for its "show" upon the setting and the brilliancy of its lighting effects, in order to make up to the spectators for the absence of the spoken part? If this is so, then *The Seven Gifts*, by Stuart Walker, will be a revelation to you. This

is a pantomime with infinite possibilities. It was first given at the municipal Christmas tree in New York City and was tremendously effective. But its big asset lies in the ease with which you or anyone else could produce it. It can be given indoors or out, on any sort of a platform, without a curtain if you haven't



THE PROLOGUE AND THE WANDERER

one, without foot-lights, without any elaborate stage setting, and still lose none of its effect.

Pantomime is the fundamental thing in all acting, and is the oldest kind of drama. The Greeks used it widely, the Romans featured it in their circus. In medieval times, pantomimists traveled about giving their shows, popular everywhere, but most polished and most technical in France. To-day the pantomime is more popular than ever because of the movies, since from them, people have grown to catch a story readily. And what is more, it will be a relief from the usual succession of brownies and fairies, of Santa Claus and his reindeer, from all the usual Christmas legends that go to make up the plays we are accustomed to.

AS a Christmas entertainment, a pantomime, instead of the spoken play, has many advantages. Primarily, it is a novelty; it offers color, and it presents a vivid story told by living actors. *The Seven Gifts* may well be announced and advertised as a living movie—a play which young and old, alike, will enjoy; a play for all races and creeds, which will entertain all and offend none. Furthermore, since there are no lines to be learned, people will be eager to participate.

The fantasy calls for twenty-nine people: three boys, three girls, seven women, and sixteen men. You could omit two of the heralds and one bearer, but they help to make the picture. Some of the performers will require six and some only four rehearsals.

It will be more effective if all the actors are above average height. They should also fit their characters, in appearance, as closely as possible, since, having no words to give a necessary impression, it is the more important that their every movement tell this to the audience.

FOR the stage setting you will need two small Christmas trees; two benches; a throne at the center back, on a six-inch platform which may be a black circle five feet in diameter, made of profile, or of pasteboard, or canvas in a wooden frame. Back of the Queen's seat there should be a piece of tapestry or a curtain of soft color and texture. The throne may be a plain seat with arms, or any decorative chair.

Two sets of placards should be made of stiff cardboard, two by three feet, and placed on easels, at either side of the stage. If possible, it would be well to have an electric light for each, to burn throughout the play.

It would be a good idea to place the entire set of placards on the easels, and remove them one at a time, as the action of the fantasy introduces the various characters. This is a device borrowed from the movies, and a good one, as the story is never interrupted. The thirteen placards will need to announce:

The Seven Gifts—A Fantasy of Christmas Giving.
The Wanderer and the Prologue.

The Emerald Queen.

Jack-in-the-Box—An Intermezzo.

The Lowly Man and His Son.

The Rich Man.

The Haughty Lady.

The Humble Woman.

"You Gave the Bird His Freedom, the Bird Gave Me His Song."

The Brave Man.

The Strolling Player—An Interlude.

A placard naming your interlude.

The Dear Child.

The properties that will be needed for this pantomime



THE QUEEN ENTERS, WITH FOUR HERALDS, THREE BEARERS, AND THE MAJOROMO



JACK-IN-THE-BOX OFFERS HIS GIFT TO THE EMERALD QUEEN



THE RICH MAN PRESENTS HIS GIFTS TO THE QUEEN, SURROUNDED BY HIS TWO SERVANTS, JACK-IN-THE-BOX, THE FOUR HERALDS, AND ONE OF THE BEARERS

consist of a great pack for the Wanderer, not heavy, but bulky; a box painted black, with handles of rope at the sides, strong enough to hold a boy; a bunch of flowers; a black ball; white wig and beard for the Lowly Man; a scraggly little Christmas tree, undecorated; a bag of gold; a jewel box, large and showy, with bracelet, necklace, rings (from a five-and-ten-cent store); and half a dozen pieces of rich fabrics, very bright in color, one or two of them embroidered or brocaded, a yard and a half to three yards long; an opalescent or silver balloon, eight inches in diameter, filled with air since hydrogen is too dangerous. (Half a dozen will be needed to practise with.) You will want, also, a great cake two feet in diameter, made of profile, which is nothing more than an ordinary black cardboard, painted white, and sprinkled with diamond dust (or have a real cake; this to be cut up for the guests afterwards, or sold for ten cents a slice); two swords with fancy hilts, which may be bought at ten-cent stores; three irises, or some bright artificial flowers; three embroidered cushions; a bird-cage, as near like the quaint one in the photograph as possible; a cardinal bird, stuffed—any bright bird will do; a tiger's skin, cut out of quarter-inch orange felt, tusks made of cotton and paper muslin sewn in the head, and stuffed tail; three little artificial trees in pots; a folding screen, with black and white design; and, finally, a battered doll, which embodies the point of the entire playlet.

THE Christmas tree for use out in the auditorium is to have an electric star, wired separately, so that it can burn throughout the play, the other lights to be turned on at the end. If this is impossible, you could use a big star, covered with gold or silver paper.

There is absolutely nothing in this list which would not be within the grasp of even seventh- or eighth-grade pupils. And there is no difficult stage business except floating the balloon across the court.

To do this, stretch across the top of the stage a heavy thread with a small ring on it, to which is attached the inflated balloon. Tie to this ring two long threads—long enough to reach to either side of the stage, pass through a little stationary ring, and down to the floor. Two people are needed to work this, and it must be tried several times.

Paying out the right hand thread, and taking in the left, will make the balloon move across the stage. The overhead thread will give sufficiently to make the balloon move up and down. The balloon bursts



THE HUMBLE WOMAN REFUSES TO ALLOW THE CARDINAL BIRD TO BE CAGED. THE MAJORDOMO HOLDS THE CAGE, AND THE FOUR HERALDS AND TWO BEARERS WAIT

when it is touched by some one in the crowd who has on a ring with a sharp stone, the setting turned inside.

The music goes on throughout the play, adding to its effectiveness. It should be played on the piano, if possible, but a phonograph may be substituted. Five or six rehearsals with the music should be sufficient. The following are most appropriate selections to be played with the different scenes:

Adam's "Noel," for the Wanderer; The Trio from Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," for the Queen's entrance; Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," for Jack-in-the-Box's dance; "Good King Wencelaus," for the Lowly Man; The "March" from Meyerbeer's "Prophet," for the Rich Man; The Dessauer "March," for the entrance of the Haughty Lady; Tschai-kowsky's "Song Without Words," at the Humble Woman's entrance; Beethoven's "Turkish March," for the Brave Man; Pier-



THE BRAVE MAN VANQUISHES THE TIGER (JACK-IN-THE-BOX)



THE BRAVE MAN AND THE TIGER

rot's "Serenade," for the Strolling Player; Any suitable selection for the Interlude; Delibes' "Waltzing Doll," for the Dear Child, changing to the "Adestes

Fideles," when she sees the star.

The costumes, since so much depends upon them in a production of this kind, should be followed out as closely as possible. They should be of bright colors and beautiful (glossy) textures, but not necessarily of expensive materials. Cotton poplins and sateens (the latter require careful pressing) are good.

THE dress of the Prologue should be of brocaded material, scalloped. Any romantic costume will do.

The Wanderer may be merely all tattered and torn.

The Heralds should be in blue, gray, and orange, relieved by black. The design on their robes should be painted on with dyes. Oil paints do not catch the light.

Have the Majordomo's costume like the Heralds' but of white, red, and blue.

The robes of the Queen are emerald and Nile green.

Jack-in-the-Box should be all in black, with a red tarlatan ruff.

The Lowly Man and his Son must be in ragged attire of some

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THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

By ROSE LOMBARD and AUGUSTA PHILBRICK

Illustrated by H. R. BALLINGER

[Continued from November issue]

In which Betty takes a ride on a gravity tram

THIS morning I was up early and spent the day with Mrs. Henty, who had been ill for a week. The Hentys are one of the few American families who have a cabin and keep house at the upper camp. Concha, the Mexican woman, got out a big wooden chopping-bowl and knife and began to cut up some cold meat to make some kind of a stew. Little Agnes, the Hentys' little four-year-old daughter, sat on the table beside the bowl and was fascinated with the gleaming knife that the woman wielded. She put out her little hand and pulled a bit of meat from the edge of the bowl and popped it into her mouth. Concha spoke sharply to her, and before you could think, there was a terrible scream, first from Agnes and then from the Mexican woman, and I turned just in time to see what had happened. The poor, naughty little hand had gone into the bowl again and the great, heavy knife had come down on two tender little fingers! The poor baby held up the bleeding stumps, screaming with agony. Concha, poor soul, went over in a dead faint on the floor.

I caught up something and tied the little wrist as tight as I dared. I didn't know anything about "first aid." All I could think of was that I must get the baby to the doctor at once. I gathered her in my arms and rushed from the shack.

There didn't seem to be a soul in camp. Tied in front of the assay-office was a burro that I knew Doctor Karl usually rode. I rushed into the Mexican mess-house and found a sleepy-looking boy peeling potatoes. I shook him in my excitement.

"Where is Doctor Karl?" I cried. "Did you see him come up? Do you know where he is?"

"Sí, sí, Señorita," he stammered. "One 'Merican fellow hurt his foot in the new tunnel. Señor doctor up there!"

I gasped. That tunnel is on the highest level, almost a thousand feet above my head. There is a burro trail up there, but it is so steep it is about as quick to walk as to ride—and it is nearly a mile. There was no time to be wasted thinking about it. Agnes was a dead weight in my arms, and before I had gone the length of the street of the straggling upper camp, I knew I could never carry her up there. I never felt so desperate in my life. I stood for an instant trying to think whether to go back for the Mexican boy to help me, or to try to get help by telephone from the lower camp, when suddenly I heard a great roar and rumble coming toward me, and then I knew what I must do.

There is a gravity tramroad that comes down from the mines and carries small car-loads of ore through the upper camp to the mill. The track runs along the hillside, from the mill to the upper camp, on quite a gentle slope, but soon after it passes the camp, it swings out and runs on trestles built high in the air and goes straight as an arrow to a tunnel close beside the very one I had to reach.

Nobody rides on the cars. They are all strung along together, a couple of hundred feet apart, connected by a heavy cable; and the weight of the loaded cars, coming down the steep incline, pulls up the empty cars after they have dropped their load of ore at the mill. Daddy has absolutely forbidden even the men ever to board a car, because it is a very dangerous ride. But this evening, when the big, rumbling car of ore passed just above my head on the hillside, I welcomed it as if it had been sent straight from heaven. I scrambled up the bank beside the track, and in a few minutes an empty car was on its way toward me. I swung on as it came rattling by, and clung to the end of the platform.

I was too excited and too anxious to think of anything but that we seemed to be crawling miserably along when I wanted to fly; and I was too much occupied with hanging on and attending to Agnes to have any chance to get dizzy or afraid. She was a dreadful weight in my arms and I didn't dare change my hold to shift her. I was stiff and cramped when they helped me off at the great ore bin at the head of the line. I only waited to make sure that the doctor's was one of the faces that danced before my eyes, before I went comfortably off to sleep. When I became conscious again, I was lying on a heap of coats at the mouth of a tunnel, and had become a heroine. Agnes' father was crying over his baby, who was all bandaged, but very pale and limp, and Teddy was blubbering all over me like a great idiot.

Everybody has made a great fuss over my ride. The doctor said there was no doubt that trip on the gravity tram saved the baby from bleeding to death. Poor Jim Henty just adores his little girl and he went right down on his knees to me there in the tunnel and sobbed as if his heart would break; and we were all dreadfully unstrung at sight of that pitiful baby. Little Agnes will have a maimed hand all her life, but the doctor says the stumpy fingers will heal in time.

It is a very comfortable feeling, at the end of a day like this, to feel that you have been of some use in the world.

Concerning rascals and plots

A few hours ago, when I was ready to go to bed, happy over Agnes, I did not know that my exciting day was not yet done. Henty came in to see Daddy, who was busy with a letter, and I asked him to come into the living-room to wait. When we returned, Henty was walking the floor excitedly. Daddy took him by the hand and spoke kindly to him and assured him the little girl was going to come out all right, and how glad we both were to have been able to help.

Henty didn't pay any attention to what he was saying, but suddenly blurted out:

"Mr. Warrington! I done you dirt! I came down here to tell you so!"

Daddy looked at him a moment.

"HENTY," he said, holding out his hand, "I think I understand. You resented it, didn't you, when I changed your work? I didn't cut down your wages, because you have a family and you are one of the best men we have, and I considered you were worth to the company all you were getting. But I suppose it was a humiliation to you, before the other miners, to lose your authority. You knew my reasons, Henty, and you must acknowledge they were just. I can't take the chance of having a drinking man in a position where men's lives depend on him. That's why I had to take you away from the shaft."

But Henty did not take the hand that Dad was stretching out to him.

Dad was silent a moment.

"Henty," he said, "when those Milwaukee gentlemen were down here on the Island, I think nearly every soul here was very loyal to me. But there were two or three men, like you, who had grievances against me. I think, perhaps, they said things they are a little ashamed of now. I just want to say to you that I don't hold it against them."

To our astonishment, the man dropped into a chair, put his arms over his face, and burst into loud sobs.

"Mr. Warrington," he gulped, "there ain't hardly a man on the Island, from them greasy Mexicans up, that don't worship the ground you walk on! Them Milwaukee bone-heads went through this here whole camp trying to find

some one to say a word against you. And they couldn't find nobody but me low-down enough to do their dirty work for them! I come here to-night to just give you a sort o' warning to look out for mischief, and I made up my mind to back out of their schemes myself. But I am agoing to tell you the whole truth now, even if it lands me in jail! But I'm through."

"Henty," said Dad very gravely, "you are making some very serious charges against my friends, and unless—"

"Friends!" sniffed the man, "Friends of yours? Rattlesnakes!"

Daddy laughed.

"Well, a rattlesnake is a gentleman to this extent, Henty: he warns before he is going to strike! I think you, yourself, were the bearer of a letter from these men in which they told me what to expect when the 'St. Michael' comes down next trip. In justice to them, I want to say that they are strictly within their legal and technical rights in making a change in the management."

MR. WARRINGTON," Henty demanded, "what had you figured out them vipers was up to?"

Dad stared at him thoughtfully. I could see he didn't like discussing the matter with one of his working-men, but Henty was in deadly earnest and evidently had not finished.

"Why, to tell the truth, I have been a little mystified as to what they think they are to gain by it," Dad said finally.

"They are going to thrust me from the management and put an inexperienced boy in here to run the plant. They can do this and hold control only until I can get in touch with my brother in Egypt. That may be a matter of weeks, and, at worst, perhaps a couple of months. They will have the satisfaction of causing me a tremendous amount of annoyance and worry; and they will undoubtedly cause a serious loss to the company. No inexperienced boy can handle Rosario ore and save more than half the values, if he doesn't do worse than that."

"And you are just going to knuckle down and take it?"

"I am prepared to swallow my loss philosophically. The Milwaukee people will have to do the same, having been themselves to blame."

"So that was the way you had it figured out!" said Henty. "You don't give that crowd credit for what brains it has got! And you certainly don't give them credit for being rascals!"

Dad turned very red, and I knew in another minute Henty was going to be pulled up short; but at his next question Dad's expression of annoyance changed to one of surprise.

"How much gold is there in that ore dump beside the mill, Mr. Warrington?" he asked. "Nearly two hundred thousand dollars, ain't it?"

The assay office knew that; but it is not supposed to be common knowledge in the camp.



I ONLY WAITED TO MAKE SURE THAT THE DOCTOR'S WAS ONE OF THE FACES THAT DANCED BEFORE MY EYES, BEFORE I WENT COMFORTABLY OFF TO SLEEP

"Where did you get your information?" asked Dad stiffly.

"From your Milwaukee friends," said Henty calmly. "How long would it take to run that stuff through the mill, if everything went all right? It could be cleaned up in six weeks, couldn't it, with all the batteries going?"

"The mill could handle it in that time, if that is what you mean," said Daddy, a little pale, "but heaven help us if Charlie Richards tries to do any such crazy thing as that!"

"They are expecting to do it," said Henty, "and they are counting on me to help them. I was the chief mill man at the Yankee Boy up to Oroville for four years, until I drank myself out of the job. I don't think there would be as much gold lost in the tailings as you expect," he finished dryly.

Daddy's face lighted up wonderfully. He looked at Henty in astonishment, but the man still stood scowling gloomily into his hat.

"Why, this is the best of news, Henty!" he said heartily.

"And I suppose you think when the run is over you will be invited in to a nice little tea-party to divide up the dividends?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that your Milwaukee friends are a set of rascals!" the man burst out. "Don't you see the game is to steal most of the returns? How could you ever prove what they actually got out of that ore pile? You have told me, yourself, that you expected Charlie Richards to lose at least half the values on whatever he put through the mill! You would have swallowed that without even blinking. When they got through and turned in their results and you had about ten thousand dollars in the bank to divide among you, they would tell you that the salt-water played the mischief with the amalgamating. They would claim that the ore was refractory. They would claim your assayer was incompetent. They would make the Rosario Mine look like a total failure, and the plant you have put here to run it would be the laughing-stock of mining men all over the country!"

Dad was white and trembling.

STOP, Henty!" he shouted. "You have no right to surmise all these things unless you have pretty strong evidence to back up your guesses!"

Henty laughed.

"Those people are far too smart to put anything in writing that could be used against them," he said. "But I can tell you this. They asked me what wages I used to get at the Yankee Boy and then they offered me five times as much to take charge of the stamp-mill under young Mr. Richards. They wasn't paying that for handling the work. Them friends of yours is thrifty! We understood each other. I was to keep my mouth shut."

Daddy reached out uncertainly for something to hold on to and I drew him into an arm-chair.

"Betty, I guess I am a blind fool!" he said bitterly.

"But why should they be such villains, Henty?" I asked.

"You couldn't begin to understand the ins and outs of their schemes," he answered. "They are sharks. They have been nosing into your father's money matters and they know just how much he has got and how it is tied up. They are counting on having some of the Rosario stock thrown on the market pretty cheap. They figure your father will have to sell some when he finds he is up against another expense account instead of a income, and they are reckoning on picking up enough to give them control. With the reputation they expect to give the mine, nobody else would buy it and they count on picking up enough of your father's stock for a song to give them a good, strong majority. And then it's good-by. When it comes to a little matter of freezing out minority stockholders, why, that's their particular star line!"

"But now that you know the whole plot, I don't see how they can carry it out!" I cried hopefully. "Couldn't Teddy stay on and watch what goes on in the stamp-mill?"

"Not on your life, he couldn't! Not without fist-fight or gun-play before he got through," said Henty.

"But you will be here, Henty," I insisted. "Couldn't you be a witness if they run all that ore through and get the gold out?"

Daddy and Henty both smiled at me, but it was a sickly sort of smile, without any hope in it.

"If you had ever seen the stamp-mill running, daughter," Daddy explained, "you would realize why we are so helpless."

"But if the assay reports show that the gold was there, Daddy—"

"There won't be any reports to show whether or not the gold was saved, daughter. There have been plants installed in perfectly good faith that could not save the gold. An incompetent manager can lose a lot without being a villain." Then, as the clock struck, he set me down from the arm of his chair. "Please go along to bed, Betty," he begged. "I'll try to make it all clear to you to-morrow. Henty and I have a lot to talk about and this is not to go beyond us three at present. Not even Teddy, please. He is too tempestuous."

Poor old Daddy! I hated to leave him there, so white-faced and anxious, talking it all over and over with Henty until 'way into the night! I guess I had better hide my head under the bedclothes and go to sleep. If only there were a few streaks of brightness inside that stupid head to-night, I would be content to let Jack Gordon's girl have all the golden lights in her hair that she wants.

In which Ted sends a cablegram

THIS has been another day of dreadful surprises. This morning I was down at the landing helping the Commodore set some lobster traps.

We were so engrossed in our occupation that it was not until we heard people running and calling on the bank above us that we noticed. A strange boat had come around the Point and was rapidly making for the Island. The Commodore knew her at once—the little "Santa Rosa," a gasoline launch that belongs to the steamer company.

A couple of young men came ashore and they had nothing but a letter for Dad. They said they had orders to see if there was anything to go back, and they were ready to leave at once.

Ted and I followed Daddy to his office. He spread the sheet out on his desk and leaned on his elbows while he read it. It was only a page, but he sat there so long, rigid, that I grew frightened and spoke to him. He did not hear, and when Ted took the letter from him he did not make any move to stop him, but just sat staring at the desk where it had been.

It was from the company's lawyer in San Diego, Mr. Wilder. He had chartered the "Santa Rosa" to get the message down to Dad. Teddy and I read it together. Those Milwaukee people had had their meeting as soon as they reached San Diego and elected Charlie Richards the new manager. All that was not news, but the lawyer went on to say that the company's funds had been withdrawn from his hands, so that he would not be able to meet Dad's drafts for the pay-roll and the commissary bills and chartering the steamer for the next trip down.

He said there need be no trouble about the commissary bills, because the tradesmen knew they could collect their money in due time, since the Rosario was a California company and would have to pay its bills. He said the steamer would probably make the trip on the fifteenth, too, because he understood young Mr. Richards, with some new assistants, was planning to go down. But he wanted to warn Daddy that if he could not meet the pay-roll to his Mexican workmen he was up against serious trouble. By the Mexican law, they look to the manager personally for their wages, and he is personally responsible for all the debts contracted in Mexico for his company. Mr. Wilder told him plainly that unless he could satisfy those debts the penalty was imprisonment until he could.

I didn't read any farther. I gave one look at Ted's horrified face and then flew to Daddy and put my arms around him. He stroked my hair absently but his lips quivered when he tried to speak to me and reassure me.

"It is a six weeks' pay-roll, as usual, isn't it?" asked Teddy in a scared voice.

"It will be on the fifteenth. It is the first time we have failed to pay on the moment. There will be a riot among the Americans as well as the Mexicans if they are offered excuses instead of money. You don't know what that means in a mining camp. It is no joke, even in a country that does not land you in jail for the offence."

"But it is your money they are withholding, Daddy! How can they dare to do it? Why can't you force them to give it up?"

"It is the company's money, Betty. They are taking advantage of every point in the law by which they can accomplish their purpose. I am afraid it suits their plans all too well to have me disposed of for awhile in the Ensenada jail."

"Ensenada jail!" I shrieked. "Daddy! Not that vile, dirty place we saw on the way down?"

"Hush, Kid," said Teddy, and his laugh was as nervous as a girl's. "The 'Santa Rosa' is waiting. You have got to write some letters, Dad?"

"A whole stack of them. I shan't leave a stone unturned to try to get that money down on the 'St. Michael,' but it is a forlorn hope, son."

Teddy had been busily writing something and now he took up an envelope and slipped it into the typewriter to address it. I was so astonished at the name he wrote that a big round "Oh!" slipped out before I thought.

"What are you writing to Lieutenant Gordon about, Ted? How do you even know where his ship is?" I asked in great astonishment.

"Saw in the last batch of papers that the 'Arizona' was due at Naples this month. I sent him your love, too," said Teddy wickedly, "and asked him if it would be convenient for him to lend you ten thousand dollars for a few weeks. I understand he is rich, and, I don't doubt, will be delighted!"

I could see he wasn't going to tell me anything; but I was puzzled, although I knew he was joking about that ten thousand dollars.

I HELPED Daddy with his letters, and in an hour we all stood on the rocks and watched the "Santa Rosa" start northward again.

"If you could have just one wish," I said, as we started back toward the house, "and have it drop from the clouds right at your feet this minute, what would it be for, Daddy? Not counting Uncle Granville, of course."

Dad and Ted both had the same answer out in an instant: "Fifty tons of coal!"

"Why coal instead of gold-pieces?"

"We might just as well have made it gold-pieces and saved a lot of trouble," said Daddy. "But if we just

had that fifty tons of coal stacked alongside the powerhouse we wouldn't need to be scratching around the country trying to borrow money to meet the pay-roll. All that we need to make the wheels go round is the fuel under the boilers. And if we couldn't turn out enough to meet the expense accounts in the next few days—well, Rosario isn't the mine we think it is!"

We are trying to keep up our spirits. The hardest part of this waiting for trouble to descend upon our Island is having so little to do just now. Before, when they were both still busy with construction, Ted and Dad were working like beavers and it would be a blessing to Dad if he could do it now. But to sit in his office and know that everything is ready to begin the most interesting work of his life, and then to realize that he can't do a thing for the next ten days and after that he has to deliver it over to a lot of vandals—that is what is eating his heart out, and he can't fool me by pretending to be gay.

In which the Little Gold God appears again

WE have only enough coal to keep the lights going until next steamer, and Teddy spends most of his time brooding.

"It is the most maddening thing in the world, Betty," he groaned. "If we could just keep that fire going for the next few days we could produce all the money we need for everything. And the

only timber on the Island"—Teddy shook his fist at it—"is stuck up there, where it is as unobtainable as the moon!"

He was looking up at Mount Rosario. It is the highest peak we have. It rises five thousand feet from the ocean, with a dozen smaller mountain-tops jutting between. And all over the top of the mountain there are pine-trees waving in the sunshine—the precious fuel that is all we need to make everything go right for Daddy and the mine!

I looked up at the pine-trees until I was all choked up with resentment, and then I scrambled to my feet and left Ted alone on the shore and went to my room and cuddled in the cushions of my window-seat and just gave up and cried.

I heard Teddy come in, but I didn't want to talk to him. He pulled me out from my hiding-place and made me cheer up.

"It is too rough on Dad to give up like this, Kid," he said, and smoothed my rumpled hair. "I am going to take you up to the assay office with me, and I think the ride will brace you up. Wait a minute. You need some powder on

[Continued on page 88]

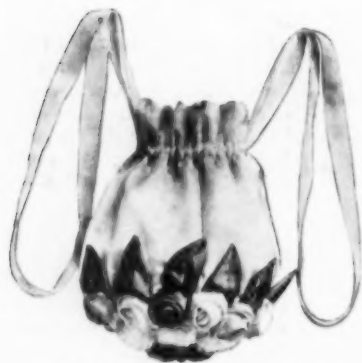


TEDDY GAVE A WHOOP . . . AND YELLED "MISCAL STALKS, BETTY!"
. . . AS IF HE HAD SUDDENLY TAKEN LEAVE OF HIS SENSES

USEFUL RIBBON GIFTS

SUGGESTIONS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST DISTINCTIVE

Designed by EVELYN TOBEY



PARTY BAG WITH ROSE BOTTOM

Editor's Note.—Every one of these dainty articles can be made at home, and directions for any or all of them will gladly be sent if stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed with your request.



THE PETAL PARTY BAG



AN ENQUIRER
LITTLE SACHET
TO BE PINNED
TO THE
COSTUME



SEWING-APRON DRAWN UP INTO BAG



RIBBON ORNA-
MENT FOR
NEGLIGEE



A SEWING-APRON THAT TURNS INTO A BAG



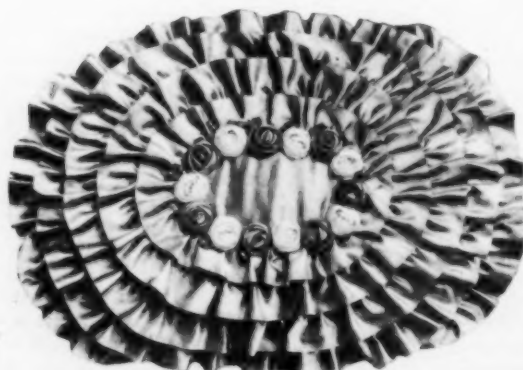
SOFA-PILLOW WITH LARGE ROSE CENTER



DAINTY BEFLOWERED CORSET-COVER



THE DÉBUTANTE PARTY BAG



A DECORATIVE SOFA-PILLOW



LARGE ROSE AND LEAF SPRAY TRIMS
THIS PARTY BAG

HUMAN PROBLEMS ANSWERED

PRIZE-WINNING SOLUTIONS
SENT BY OUR READERS

TO THE PROBLEM LETTERS
PRINTED IN AUGUST



Solution for "Community Without Social Life"

Winner of Fifteen-Dollar Prize

JUST as no one who pursues happiness ever finds it, so, I believe, no community that consciously pursues social life will ever find it. Social life is the spontaneous playing together of people who like each other. It is true that people may like each other, and not know how to play; or may know what and how they want to play, and not know people that they like to play with. Either one may be the cause of lack of social life in a town. The reason people do not like each other is, usually, that they do not really know each other. The best way in the world to cure that is to get them together to work for something. There is nothing like working together to make people like each other.

"So I would suggest that the person who has the vision of a finer, friendlier life in her community should find, through talking with her friends and, perhaps, letters to the local papers, what most of the people think their town most needs. It does not matter much what it is—tennis courts, children's playgrounds, an employment agency, or a good milk or water supply. It should, however, be something positive, not negative, for people can not really get together to work in a friendly spirit to attack or abolish something. Sometimes destruction may be necessary, but it makes a poor beginning.

"When the goal is decided upon, a general committee should be formed, of people who do not know each other. There should be a member from the disapproved-of clique who dance and play cards; the teachers and the storekeepers should each be represented; the younger set and the grandparents; the loafers; the busy men; and the clergy. At first, the committee should meet in some public building, not in the richest member's parlor, nor in any church. The town hall or school is ideal. Two sorts of sub-committees should be formed. One type should be of people of the same clique, with their representative from the general committee acting as chairman. In this way, the interest is spread to the people who do not mix readily. There should also be many sub-committees, formed in whole or in part from the central committees. These must be made up of people who do not know each other socially. The arrangement which often does wonders is to have these smaller committees meet at the various members' houses, or occasionally stores after closing hours. If the custom of having coffee and cakes served can unostentatiously be started, it will do wonders to make these meetings friendly affairs.

"Then, when the goal has been attained, there will be three important things to be done. First, to keep in touch with the new project which has been started; form a permanent mixed committee that will continue as a symbol of unity and community of interest. Second, to start, as soon as possible, to work for some new thing, with various changes and additions in the new committee. Third, and from the social viewpoint most important, to have some big

social community festivity to celebrate the accomplishment of the object of the work. It may be a town picnic, or clam-bake, or reception and entertainment. It should make no profit, and every effort should be made to have all the groups who were represented on the committee attend. This is usually

easy when they have all worked for the things celebrated.

"This first attempt at community play may not be a success. Learning to play takes practise, but it is well worth learning, both as an individual and a social matter.

"There is a more normal way, also, in which work for a common good tends to develop social life for the community. Big, planned affairs always have their peculiar difficulties, but spontaneous play makes for real sympathy and neighborliness. Often, the committee meetings should be at members' houses and end in a party. I know of one group working for the employment of a district nurse who met in a kindergarten room where there was a piano. Two of the members played well, and after the meeting the ladies' brothers and husbands would call for them, and often stay to dance for an hour or so. When the committee disbanded, the dancing continued informally, and so the social problem of many lonely young people was solved.

"In another instance, a finance committee arranged a living-picture and chorus-singing entertainment to raise money, and so much talent was found that a dramatic society was organized to give plays, and continue the chorus singing just for the pleasure of it. The whole town is proud of the good work done by this society, and since it permits of all age-groups, and social connections alone can not gain admission, it has proved a means of real culture as well as real enjoyment.

"So, numberless instances of good work leading to good play could be multiplied. In any town where a sentiment for community work is developed, community play is sure to follow."

Solution for "An Adamless Eden"

Winner of Five-Dollar Prize

IT'S too bad the writer of 'An Adamless Eden' neglected to tell us where this manless paradise is located. Why not advertise? Being a bachelor, I'm interested. We who live in the west find it hard to realize that there is a shortage of the male. If the man crop is short now, what will conditions be in a few more years when Europe's surplus women try their fortunes in the New World?

"In this country, the trouble mostly lies in the fact that the men and women are not evenly distributed. The girls are in the east—the men in the west. The difficulty is in getting them together. There are thousands of bachelors in the western states—good men, honest and steady, who make good wages and spend with a free hand—spend too freely, because they have no home ties or responsibilities.

"Their mothers and sisters are 'back east' and there are but few sweethearts.

"You ask how you can keep the girls with you and keep them satisfied. It can't be done. There is room for just so many. The others will have to seek their fortunes elsewhere. They must do as the young men have done—go west.

"There they will find their men awaiting them. And they can live their lives as nature intended. Our big cities have long been overcrowded with untalented women. But in the great, wide west they will be needed and welcomed for years to come.

"Now, it's up to some of our ambitious promoters to get our Eves of the east and our Adams beyond the Rockies together. They will attend to the rest. And there won't be enough girls left to form one solitary regiment without drafting the school ma'ams."

Solution for "Resting-Room for Women"

Winner of Five-Dollar Prize

A WRITER in the August issue of McCall's deplors the absence of a resting-room for women in her home city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants. I want to tell you about our women's rest-room here in a small Virginia town to which the last federal census allotted just 1,217 people.

"We felt the need of a place of rest for weary shoppers from the country, for women who are utterly weary of the makeshift shopping which has been placed on the shoulders of male members of the family; a refuge for tired mothers with small children, whose visits are made rare by the inconvenience and sometimes the impossibility of spending a day in town without a place to rest.

"We wanted a women's rest-room, but who ever heard of a public rest-room for women in a town of 1,217 people? Who would bear the expense? Certainly the idea was preposterous to a great many minds it reached.

"Some of our merchants could see the commercial value of a rest-room, yet there was no get-together movement on the part of the trade organizations of the town. It remained for the women, the members of the 'good house-keeping' clubs of the county, to place the rest-room on an independent footing, as a subject of civic pride.

"First, these women decided that a rest-room must be had. And, this decision once made, the rest-room was assured. In a few weeks, committees appointed by the women's organization had solicited outright contributions from every source and annual subscriptions from the business interests, had rented a large, airy room with modern toilet conveniences, and had secured the services of a matron who would maintain the rest-room according to the standard set by the clubs.

"Easy chairs, couches, carpet, curtains, pictures, reading-tables, daily newspaper and magazine subscriptions were contributed willingly wherever requests were made. An important, though small interior decoration decided upon was a voluntary contribution-box, which was given a conspicuous place on the wall.

"To-day we have our woman's rest-room and the register will show an amazing list of women visitors from all the neighboring country and travelers from many states.

"I want to remind you that our main problem was not a lack of funds. The project needed an engineer."

Solution for "Needless Resignation to the Ugly"

Winner of Five-Dollar Prize

THIS problem suggests our own experience in developing esthetic surroundings.

"When we were married, we moved into a flat building that had its back porches on an alley. It was the

most barren and desolate-looking place imaginable. But soon we had two sides of our back porch (there were no front porches) fairly abloom with bright, sweet petunias, snap-dragons, pansies, lobelia, verbena, and the other flowers that thrive in boxes. It was beautiful. Ours were the only flowers on a building of more than thirty flats. But they were not long the only ones. The neighbors spoke their admiration. Soon the men began taking their evenings and their Saturday afternoons to build boxes and bring soil. Before the end of that first season, the back of that building was fairly smiling with flowers.

"In another year we decided to buy a home. We moved to a place where the yard had never been cultivated, nor had the yard next to it, where the people sat in their swing and idly watched us move in. We had a garden that first year with a score or more varieties of flowers, and a goodly array of vegetables. Our listless neighbors were drawn to the fence to look on. That was last year. They are people of more means than we, which does not matter except that it gives them an easier way of doing things. This spring, they had soil brought by the wagon-load, and hired a professional gardener to come and set out shrubs and plants, and sow their lawns, front and back, and put in a small vegetable garden. The lots are now a garden spot in a city block.

"I believe the method will work, whether it be used in that shabby little village with its majestic pines, or among the flat-dwellers of the smoky hustling city."

Solution for "Country-School Problem"

Winner of Five-Dollar Prize

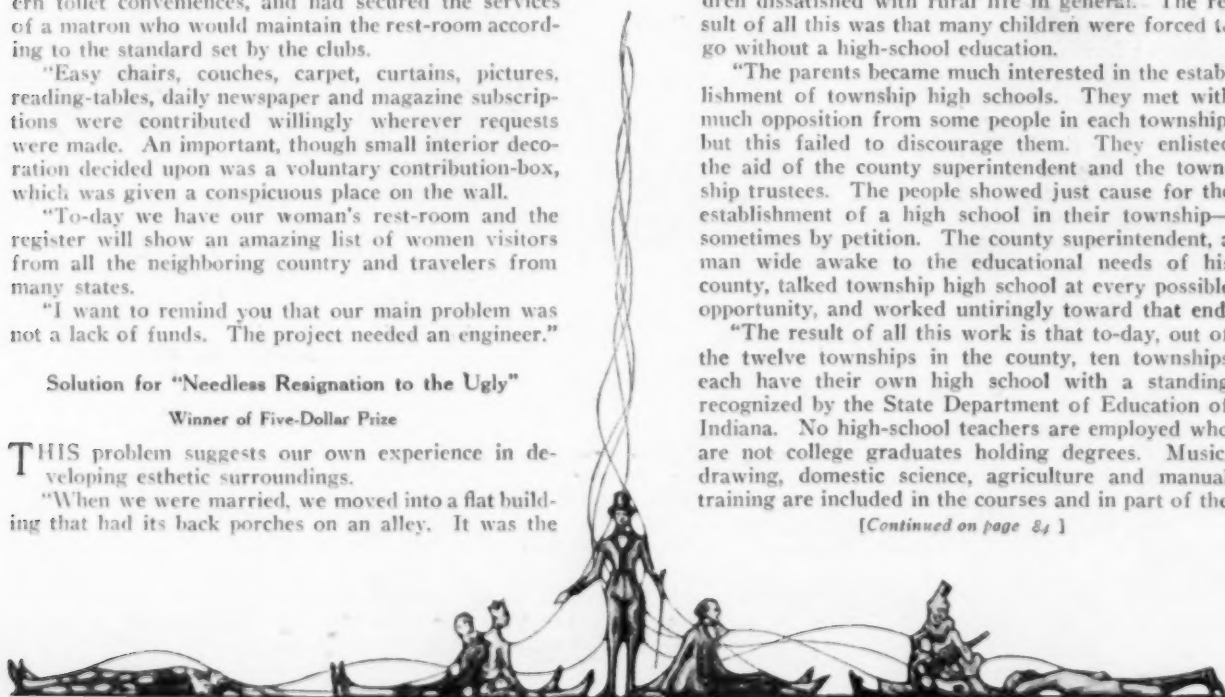
I WAS very much interested in the letter concerning the country school problem. I have seen this same problem worked out in Porter County, Indiana, to the entire satisfaction of patrons, teachers, and school officials.

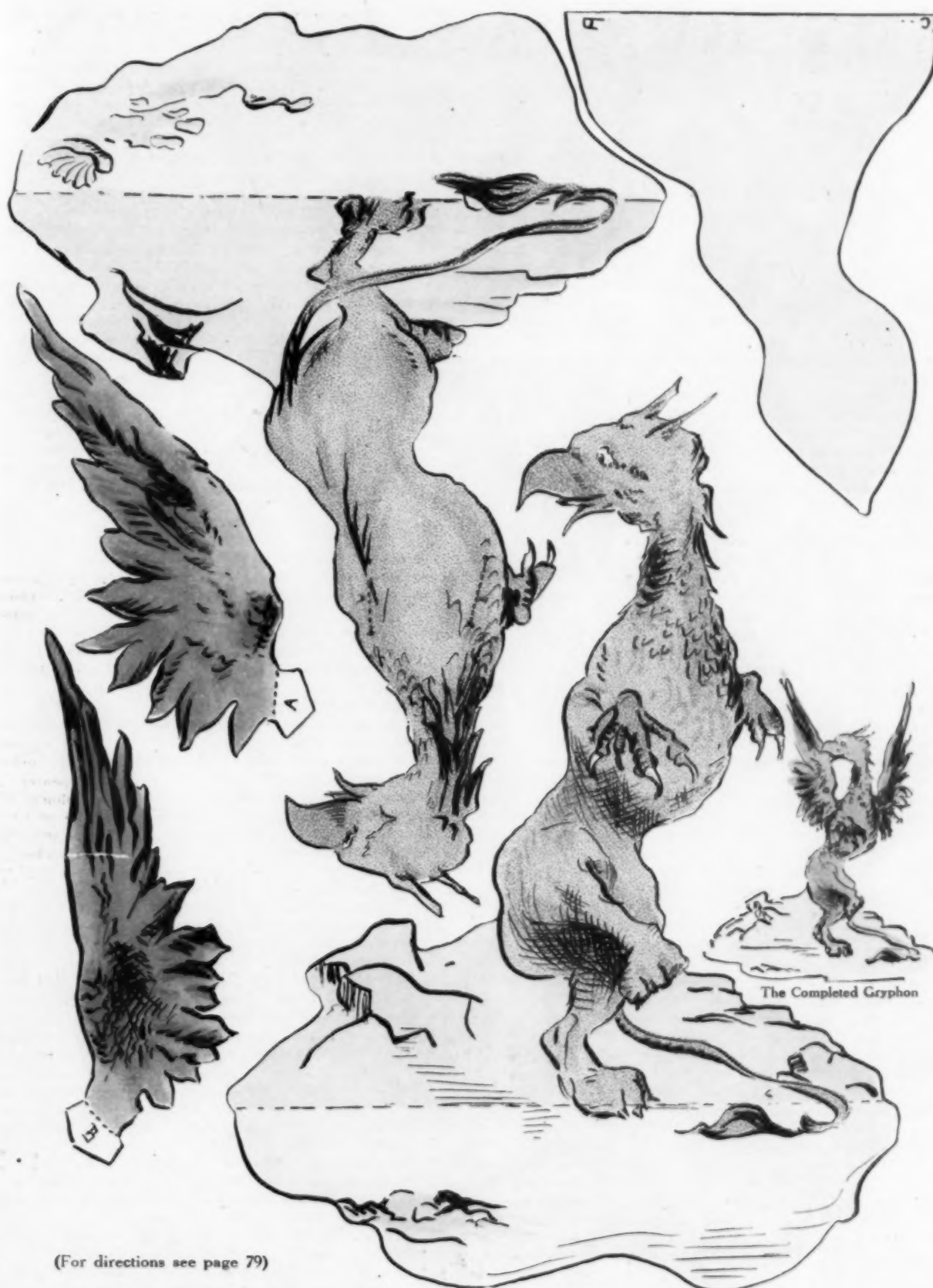
"It was only a few years ago that, after the children had graduated from the eighth grade, they were compelled to go quite a distance from home to one of the few high schools in the county. They were thus compelled to pay board, be gone from home all the week, and were thus allowed too much personal liberty while away from the guidance of their parents. Parents feared for the moral influence, while many were unable to pay the living expenses of these children, even though the eighth-grade diploma did admit the pupil without tuition. Then, too, living in town several months out of each year, often made the children dissatisfied with rural life in general. The result of all this was that many children were forced to go without a high-school education.

"The parents became much interested in the establishment of township high schools. They met with much opposition from some people in each township, but this failed to discourage them. They enlisted the aid of the county superintendent and the township trustees. The people showed just cause for the establishment of a high school in their township—sometimes by petition. The county superintendent, a man wide awake to the educational needs of his county, talked township high school at every possible opportunity, and worked untiringly toward that end.

"The result of all this work is that to-day, out of the twelve townships in the county, ten townships each have their own high school with a standing recognized by the State Department of Education of Indiana. No high-school teachers are employed who are not college graduates holding degrees. Music, drawing, domestic science, agriculture and manual training are included in the courses and in part of the

[Continued on page 84]





(For directions see page 79)

THE GRYPHON

AN ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND CUT-OUT

Designed by RAY DUMONT

MY RUSSIAN INVASION

By ERNESTINE EVANS—Illustrated by KYOHEI INUKAI

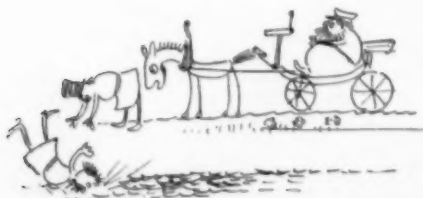
Miss Evans' humorous version of her Russian travels began in the October McCall's. These are the last of her adventures

PETERSBURG days—I find it hard to say Petrograd, though one paid up promptly ten kopecks for every time one made the blunder—will always seem to me like the only modern version of the Arabian Nights. As for departing from the place, that was too like the old tale of rolling the stone up the hill of Hades in the Greek myth, to be accomplished. Every day, I said, "To-morrow I am going to Moscow," and every to-morrow I stayed over another day, for the place was too full of never-to-be-repeated experiences to leave it.

I postponed my researches into the working of the Red Cross and worked on an account of the prohibition of vodka, for my newspaper. I have lived most of my life in a small Indiana town, and I knew well all the wretched difficulties of "going dry" in a democracy; all the long nerve-racking campaigns. There in Petrograd it was different. One bright morning, Nikolai Nikolaiovitch, uncle to the Czar and Commander-in-chief of the Russian army, sent word that the transportation of the army to the front in fighting trim, sober, and in condition to shoot straight depended upon total prohibition. You see, when people really have great and serious things to do, where life and death matter, liquor is left in the bottle. The Czar gave orders. Russia was dry. In one night, the little shops which had been operated by the government as the very chief source of the revenue, yielding enormous profits per annum, were closed. No more did the *ishvoshtik* drivers break corks outside and throw the dash of white devilment into their cold insides. R., an old Scotch correspondent of many years standing, was thrown out of a smart restaurant for ordering his Scotch-and-soda in his familiar fashion. The proprietor had mistaken him for a secret service man anxious to find infraction of the law.

WE were together, incidentally, when I saw one of the few arrests which were made for drunkenness after the law had gone through by the mere saying of the Imperial word. We were driving back to my hotel at midnight, when a most desperate crescendo of screaming voices fell across the frosty night and a *droshtky* passed us briskly with a plump old creature thrust across the bottom of the carriage, two officers planting their feet across his form. Such was the Russian Black Maria off for the *polizei*!

The man had been drinking varnish in his thirst, and he was screaming to the night for an explanation of the change of affairs in this once drink-plenty world. "Boo-hoo," he wailed, "once they used to take me home to my door, now you drag me from my very kitchen." And he dissolved into tears and was hurried away.



WOULD HAVE TO BE ROLLED INTO THE DITCHES BEFORE TRAVELING CARRIAGES COULD PASS



A PLUMP OLD CREATURE THRUST ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE CARRIAGE

utterly vodka-dead, and have to be rolled into the ditches before traveling carriages could pass. The translator who came to me in the mornings to read me the war news from the Russian dailies gave me government reports with appalling figures of what vodka had been fast doing to the very heart of the nation, the land-tilling peasant. The change I saw, and read truly, in the happy speech of Madam S.'s little maid who bounced into the room one night with a cozy new *shuba* (coat).

"Ah, ya, ya," she beamed. "Such a coat. A blessed day, *Batushka*. It's the drink that's not on the inside that puts this coat on my back." Everywhere, the peasants were putting money in the banks. Nowhere, were sickening stories told of failures as in the days of the Russian-Japanese war, when car-loads of drunken soldiers were shipped like logs, utterly good for nothing, after their parting sprees. Russia was "dry." It was a long and happy story that I wrote for my newspaper, mostly made from the statistics that were in the government reports.

I needed to show what conditions had been to make my readers at home feel something of the blessed new efficiency that had come to the Russian people.

I TOOK it to the censor, not a little frightened of my experience. I sent it in, and sat waiting in the government offices a long time.

Presently, a short man with a fair beard emerged, rubbing his hands together.

"You are a lady," he said, "therefore we come to you. It is not the custom. One blacks out and that is all, but since it is you, we explain. We cannot, Madam, send such a story. It would be impossible."

This was too bad. I had worked several days and questioned many people on the state of affairs before and after the elimination of drink from Russian life. I stammered, "But why? Won't you tell me why?"

The censor pursed his lips silently.

"But tell me," I persisted. "Isn't it true? I have verified everything. It is perfectly true."

"Oh, but yes," he admitted, "true, Madam, but not pretty, and in times like these!" He seemed to melt back through the official door, and left me with my manuscript in my hand.

"Of all things!" I said more crossly still and went out to walk in the square and expostulate with R. on the subject of censorship in general. "They don't," he soothed me, "seem to have anything but grotesque theory as to what is, and what is not, printable. I must introduce you to L.'s friend in the Censorship Bureau. He weeps, you know. He was a professor in the University before the war, and a violent radical at heart. 'To think of me,' he wails, 'an honest man, reading other people's private letters.'"



A SHORT MAN WITH A FAIR BEARD EMERGED, RUBBING HIS HANDS TOGETHER

As far as I remember, that is the only tender censor I ever heard of. The rest enjoy their right to label this "pretty" and that "unmailable" to the uttermost.

And then, finally, I persuaded myself to part from Petrograd. In Moscow I was to have the use of a small apartment, as a rest from hotels, and the owner had sent on a letter to his servants announcing my arrival. My banker had also given me a business note commending me to the V.'s and explaining that Mr. V. was to tell me how to proceed in order to be permitted to see the military hospitals in which the Austrian wounded were housed.

WITH gusto, I packed and was off. Sleeping-cars, Russian fashion, interested me. There were four of us, traveling second class. I should have said five, for the Russian railroad has no such notion of "No dogs allowed" as we have, and the two girls opposite me, without apology, took a shaggy little Scotch beast with an asthmatic wheeze, to which they addressed shrill and affectionate remarks throughout the night, when not keeping up a busy chat with each other. All night long, in the little square compartment, the clatter went on, until I grew fairly homesick for the proper stillness of an American Pullman! By the time the twenty-four hours of my journey were over, I was bound to be enchanted with Moscow—if only because it was a place to say "Good-by" to the dog and his ladies.

And so to Number Fifteen, Archangel Lane, I went.

I arrived. I dismounted. My bags were brought up. A moth-eaten secretary let me in; a wobbly old kitchen maid ducked and curtsied in the hall. Both were unaffectedly glad to see me and talked on and on in Russian.

"This is a pickle," I smiled to myself. "Here am I, speaking not a word of Russian." But I settled myself for the night, and little

dreamed that the letter announcing my coming had not yet arrived and that the whole reception was just the Russian servant's preparation for any and all misfortunes. As for the language, how I laughed the next day when I discovered the secretary deep in an English volume he had just purchased. It was called "The Russian Gentleman in England." Every morning, a thumping Russian knock would come at my door, and having found the word "breakfast" in his book, he would call out, "Steward, when will my breakfast be served?" At which, the door would fly open and the little maid would stand in the center of the room, working her arms like a windmill on a windy day, and motion me out to breakfast. Such a funny life! But this was not the most ridiculous part of it by any means.

The next night, a member of the police turned up, flourishing a paper. My passport had been registered. But what, please, was my religion? The Russian government wanted to know immediately.

"What is a good religion in the eyes of the government?" I inquired of the consular clerk who had been called to translate.

"Methodist," he suggested.

"Methodist," repeated I, and the police pretended the greatest satisfaction.

Now for the Red Cross work. With my letter from the banker in my hand I found in the telephone book the address of the person to whom the letter was to be presented and set off through Moscow in a sleigh. The first snow had fallen, and crooked Moscow was the loveliest spot on earth. White with three feet of glistening crystals, its tortuous streets, its seven hills, its hundreds of gilded cupolas seemed made for pure delight.

We drew up before a wholesale tea place and I bounded out. I pronounced V.'s name as well as I could and, after a

deal of misunderstanding, the porter let me in through the counting-house.

Mr. V. read the letter slowly and, greeting me, begged to be excused for a moment. His English was perfect. Afterward, I learned that he had spent many years in the English settlements on the China coast.

Returning, Mr. V. was beaming. His sister was expecting us for luncheon, and he talked on about Mademoiselle Ida and her student days at Cambridge University, as we drove across the town. Moscow is much gayer than Petrograd with its hosts of buildings in sober burnt-Sienna, the government standard color, and was as vari-colored as a valentine or a Mediterranean harbor.

It is difficult to write about Mademoiselle Ida. She was, I suppose, the loveliest girl I have ever seen. She had hair like spun gold with pale copper in its high lights, shining, dreamy gray eyes, and a sweet way of pronouncing that made English seem a tongue for saints. I blessed my banker over and over. We walked and motored through the Kremlin, the heart of Old Russia where the Czars are crowned, inside the high stone walls built centuries ago against the Tartar invasions, and under the Holy Gate through which all Russia passes with lowered eyes and the sign of the cross.

MADemoiselle IDA was busy much of the time finishing her Red Cross course, so that she might serve in a Lazarette; but in the meantime, we had many hours together. A few afternoons later, in the most embarrassed fashion possible, she confided in me. We had driven up to the Kremlin to watch the soldiers drill, singing as they marched past the baby cannons that Napoleon left after his sad retreat:

"Napoleon's come to Moscow, to Moscow, to Moscow,
He'd better march away,
He certainly had."

"I find it hard to tell you," she said. "We are afraid we must do so. You know, we are not the people to whom you had the letter at all. It was addressed to some other V.'s; but I am sure we will do just as well," she smiled.

She was very red.

"Oh, dear!" My heart went quite lumpy.

"I know," she said. "No one but a Russian would have." And then we began to laugh. "It's too late now!"

And so we went off to tea, and for the fifth time, to call on the General Staff offices about getting my hospital pass.

"I am sorry," said the same gracious officer who had been encouraging me for days, "but under no circumstances can a foreigner be allowed to visit the military hospitals."

"Tell me," I said, "have you known this all along?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then," I asked sternly, "why didn't you tell me before?"

"Oh, but please," he said, "I didn't think you would really like to have us abruptly refuse your request."

I groaned.

"I shall go without a permit, then," I threatened. Which was an almost Russian answer to one more absurd Russian way of saving the feelings.



A LITTLE MAID WORKING HER ARMS LIKE A WINDMILL ON A WINDY DAY



HANGING AROUND IN PETROGRAD WAITING FOR A GOVERNMENT PERMIT TO TAKE MOVING PICTURES



MR. V. WAS BEAMING, HIS SISTER WAS EXPECTING US FOR LUNCHEON

THE BABY'S LAYETTE

THE BABY WELFARE DEPARTMENT

By MARY L. READ, Director of the School of Mothercraft and Author of "The Mothercraft Manual"

THE arch-enemy of the baby is dust. If all dust were sterilized, it would still irritate his little pink nose and delicate lungs; but dust and germs go together. The scientist Huxley picturesquely stated that every

atom of dust is a raft for a microbe. There are plenty of good microbes, to be sure, but any kind of a microbe can get aboard a raft and float into the baby's mouth or nose and start a colony that will cause a cold or pneumonia or intestinal complaint. Not less than a hundred thousand babies every year are carried away by these invisible, wicked imps. There is just one way to keep away microbes, and that is to keep out the dust. Therefore, in furnishing the nursery take all precautions against dust-holders. Dust can cling to the walls, so these should be washable. The cheapest way to have washable walls is to finish them with a coat of oil-paint. You can paint over the paper or you can use a hard waterproof varnish and let the pattern of the paper show through. There is a waterproof wall-paper that comes in charming patterns. For the color scheme of the walls, select a soft, light shade. White is too hard on the eyes. Incidentally, the baby should have a room to himself, opening, if possible, onto a covered porch built with side walls to a height of about three feet. And beyond his covered porch, if he is to have the best chance for health, should be fresh air, trees, grass and open space.

Carpets are the happy hunting-ground of dust and microbes, therefore it will be necessary to choose between them and the welfare of the baby. Washable rugs, not too large for daily removal, may be used on the floor. The floor, itself, may be painted or oiled, or have a covering of linoleum, care being taken to see that no cracks are left for dust at the edges. Heavy draperies or portieres should go the way of the carpets. At the windows, there should be good shades and washable curtains. If you have

no vacuum-cleaner, dustless floor-mop, and dustless dusters, add these to the bill for nursery furnishings.

For the first six or eight months, you will want a basket bed. A large clothes-basket will answer for this purpose.

A bassinet is daintier, if you can afford it for this short service. If a basket is used, have it well scrubbed out with hot soap-suds and dried in the sun before it is used. Select a basket that has no rough ends inside—and you will have a good search to find such a one. It is better not to use any draperies, but if you are very keen about having them, choose the thinnest net and attach it with a cord



and tapes tied on or fastened with safety-pins, so it can be taken off every week and hung on the line in the sun to get rid of the dust and microbes. The basket should have a frame, stand, or table on which it can rest securely. The mattress for this bed should be washable. A clean blanket or table felting will answer.

FOR a winter baby, cotton outing flannel is better than muslin for sheets. The covering should be light in weight. An eiderdown blanket, if you can afford it, is ideal. Little blankets can be made of sateen, silkoline, or washable silk, with a filling of wool wadding or of cotton, according to the season, and tied with heavy embroidery silk. In using colored materials, be careful to select fast colors. Observe that the little blankets sold in the stores are usually all cotton. Piqué or dimity makes pretty spreads. No feathers should be used for mattress or pillow, as they are over-heating and not thoroughly sanitary. Two or three flat pads about one-half inch thick and twelve inches square will be useful. They may be filled with sterilized hair from the mattress-maker's or with clean straw.

When you buy a large bed for the baby later, be sure that the space between the bars is narrow and the sides very high, so there will be no possible danger of the baby getting his head caught between the bars nor of his climbing over the top when his pedestrian abilities develop.

A chiffonier or chest of drawers will be needed for the baby's things. The drawers of this should be well brushed and wiped out, and they may well be put in the sun for two or three days. A chiffonier is now made especially for the nursery. It has large and small drawers, arranged systematically for convenience, with space for labels. There is a

[Continued on page 51]



PARIS DISCUSSES THE WAISTLINE

By OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT



PARIS, FRANCE.

CHÈRE AMIE:—

Have you ever given a thought to the sources of the exquisite finery that is sent across the water to you every season, and the little *midinettes* whose nimble, patient fingers artfully create all those beautiful gowns in which you revel? Here you see

them (in the little sketch above) as they go daily to and from the *ateliers*. Already, you have seen the results of their work for this season in the scores and scores of wonderful productions that have reached you from the famous *couturiers*, and you have, no doubt, gathered the chief tendencies of the winter styles.

You have noticed, I am sure, that the ever-vacillating waistline is at its old diversion of keeping us guessing what its real intentions are. At present, it is creating a great deal of comment and is a general topic of discussion in the fashion world. Now it affects the low line of the *Moyen Age*, again it rises to *Empire* and *Directoire* heights, and quite often we see it placed in what we have always considered the normal position. Many dresses, to be strictly neutral, have settled the matter by having two or even three belts, so that they show no partiality to any one line.

Belts, you see, are quite important this season, for with the *vogue* of the chemise dresses they are very necessary. In this type of dress they are long and narrow and are generally arranged loosely around the figure. They are often of taffeta or *moiré* with gold, silver, or *soutache* ornamentation.

skin, heavily embroidered with wool, is also seen.

There is something new to be seen each day, and a trip from the *Place Vendôme* to the *Avenue de L'Opera* is especially rich in surprises, for smart new costumes meet the eye at every turn. Perhaps the most startling fashions, however, have been seen at *Callot's* new and beautiful house on the *Champs-Élysées*. The *Callot Soeurs* still keep to very scant skirts, in spite of most of the other houses having featured the full, straight-hanging skirt.

Callot is as distinct in the matter of furs as in skirts, and uses the natural-colored *kolinsky* for trimming, in preference to the much-overdone "lapin" which has been unanimously voted the favored trimming by all Paris. "Lapin," you know, is nothing but plain rabbit, and this all-suffering little animal has been dyed and disguised to look like every imaginable kind of fur.

In the line of evening dresses, there are most sumptuous gowns fashioned of soft chiffon velvets and satins combined with the new silver and gold laces which are used in quantities. A new lace is of net with the design traced in colored silks. Black chiffon velvet with fine lace, as shown in the accompanying sketch, showing the loose panel overdress and long train, is especially high in favor.

White satin and velvet are also quite popular, and not only for the very youthful, but for the more mature as well. With silver embroidery and rhinestone or pearl trimmings, a very rich effect is obtained.

In the bright colors, geranium and royal blue are two of the greatest favorites. Bright green is also to be seen, effectively combined with gold. In the lighter shades, pinks and blues and soft apricot color are very dainty.

The newest colors are vice-admiral blue, russet green, begonia violet (a reddish shade), sable, and banana, besides those previously mentioned.

Votre dévouée,

Christine D.



A PARIS MODEL OF BLACK VELVET AND LACE. SEE ALSO PAGE 33

LEADERS IN DECEMBER MODES



VELVET AND BROADCLOTH ARE TWO OF WINTER'S FAVORITES

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

A TRIO OF NEWEST FASHIONS



7487-7509



7521-7507



7511
Transfer Design No. 784
for Bag



7487-7509

7521



7507



7511

AND NOT EVEN WINTER COOLS THE ARDOR FOR POCKETS!

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 34

ONE OF THE VERY
LATE WINTER COATS

AN AFTERNOON
FROCK INTRODUCES
NEW SLEEVES

WAISTS AND SKIRTS
ARE INDISPENSABLE
AS ALWAYS



7308-7127

7485-7503



7520-7527

For other views and
description of Muff
No. 7527, see page 38



7485-7503



7520



7308-7127

For descriptions of models
illustrated, see page 34



7524



6541



6541-7524



7329



7329



7523-7513



7513



7523

A HANDSOME DRESS
IN RUSSIAN STYLE

THE PANEL OVER-
DRESS IS APPROVED
BY PARIS FOR EVEN-
ING WEAR

FORMAL FROCKS ARE
OF VELVET AND
GEORGETTE

For descriptions of models
illustrated, see page 34

DESCRIPTIONS FOR FOREGOING PAGES

Descriptions for page 30

NO. 7519, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch broadcloth and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 30-inch satin for front panel and collar. Lower edge of skirt is $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The panel idea is introduced in a new one-piece model which can not fail to have many admirers. Transfer Design No. 401 (10 cents).

NO. 7491, LADIES' DRESS, ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, instep length, requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch velveteen, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch satin for collar and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for front and back of waist. Skirt is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wide. Transfer Design No. 782 (15 cents) used for the wool embroidery.

NO. 7501, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch striped silk and 1 yard 27-inch plain silk for collar and cuff facing. This simple waist boasts an entirely novel collar, or rather two novel collars, for another, quite as attractive, is offered. Of striped tub silk or flannel, it is very smart.

NO. 7515, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch material for two-piece skirt in 38-inch length. This new high-waisted model with the unique belt slashed at either end, measures $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards at the lower edge.

Descriptions for page 31

COSTUME NOS. 7487-7500, medium size, requires, 38-inch length, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. The dominant note of this costume is simplicity, notwithstanding its many smart features which give it all claims to distinction.

NO. 7487, LADIES' WAIST, WITH OR WITHOUT VEST, TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 40-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch for collar and cuffs. In this simple waist there is a choice of a large sailor collar or a smaller collar ending in points in front.

NO. 7500, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents). Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch material. The lower edge of this high-waisted model measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Note the capacious pockets placed over the hips, and the pleated front and back.

COSTUME NOS. 7521-7507, medium size, 38-inch length, requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 48-inch plaid, 1 yard 36-inch plain material for collar, vest, girdle, cuffs and pocket-laps, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch white material for front.

NO. 7521, LADIES' WAIST, WITH OR WITHOUT VEST. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for collar, vest and cuffs, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch white material for front. Variety is the spice of the new blouses, and here is a model in which the soft surplice vest and the large collar furnish the new element.

NO. 7507, LADIES' TWO-OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, HIGH WAISTLINE, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26, 38-inch length, requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 18-inch silk for pocket-laps. Skirt's width, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 7511, LADIES' ONE-PIECE PLEATED DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36, round length, requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch for collar and cuffs. The dress measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards at lower edge. Pleated frocks are very much in evidence this winter, and one of the most popular is shown in this one-piece design. The bag shown with this model is Transfer Design No. 784 (10 cents).

Descriptions for page 32

NO. 7520, LADIES' COAT, IN 54- OR 45-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 54-inch length, 5 yards 54-inch velours for coat, and 1 yard 48-inch fur cloth for collar and band. Suitable for all kinds of weather and for the most formal occasions is this charming coat.

COSTUME NOS. 7485-7503, medium size, requires, 38-inch skirt, $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 40-inch fabric for collar and vest and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards fur banding.

NO. 7485, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch for collar and vest. The large collar and surplice vest are aids in making this waist chic. Another feature of interest is the new sleeve with fulness at the elbow.

NO. 7503, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT, ONE-PIECE YOKE, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 22 TO 28 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material. The width of this skirt at the lower edge is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

NO. 7308, LADIES' WAIST. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. The cut of the jabot and collar on this waist is particularly smart, and the fact that they are connected on the shoulders adds a note of individuality to the design.

NO. 7127, LADIES' THREE- OR FOUR-GORED SKIRT, WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE BELT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 8 SIZES; 22 TO 36 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, four-gored skirt in 38-inch length, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. The width of this skirt at lower edge is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Descriptions for page 33

NO. 7320, LADIES' RUSSIAN DRESS, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 45-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting material. Skirt's width, 3 yards. The one-piece foundation skirt is lengthened by a one-piece circular lower section. The Russian effect is here seen at its smartest.

COSTUME NOS. 6541-7524, medium size, requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch chiffon velvet, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch allover, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 42-inch lace flouncing, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch silk for foundation front and back gores.

NO. 6541, LADIES' WAIST OR GUIMPE, THREE STYLES OF SLEEVE. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 32 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, with puff sleeve, 2 yards of 36-inch material. An excellent model for the guimpe which is an accessory required by many of the new frocks.

NO. 7524, LADIES' LOOSE PANEL OVERDRESS OR SKIRT, FOUR-GORED UNDERSKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 40-inch velvet, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 42-inch flouncing, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch lining silk. Skirt's width, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 7523-7513, medium size, requires, 38-inch skirt, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch mirror velvet, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch satin for collar. A costume which is both simple and charming.

NO. 7523, LADIES' WAIST, SLEEVES ATTACHED TO UNDERBODY. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material for waist, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch Georgette for sleeves and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 40-inch silk for collar. The well designed sleeve of this waist is particularly pretty developed in Georgette crêpe.

NO. 7513, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, HIGH WAISTLINE; 42 OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 22 TO 32 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 50-inch material. Width of skirt is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards at the lower edge. A skirt that boasts of large pockets is in Fashion's vanguard this season.



MCALL PATTERNS

WINTER MODES LATELY ADOPTED BY WOMEN OF FASHION

For other views and descriptions, see page 40

McCall Patterns (with detailed directions for use) can be obtained from the nearest McCall Pattern Agency in your locality or may be ordered by mail by stating the number and size wanted and enclosing the price to The McCall Company, 236-246 West 37th Street, New York City; 418-424 So. Fifth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 34-40 Chauncy Street, Boston, Mass.; 82 North Pryor Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond Street, Toronto, Canada.



7359

7325

7333

Transfer Design No. 782

7037-7527

Transfer Design No. 379

For other views and description of No. 7327, see page 38

McCALL PATTERNS



7359



7325



7037



7333

DECEMBER DEMANDS SUCH WARM FROCKS AS THESE

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40



THESE ARE DAYS OF LOOSE OR CLOSE-FITTING STYLES

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 40

Descriptions for page 39



7063-7527

7421
Transfer Design No. 785
for Bag

NO. 7063, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch fabric and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch material for collar. Skirt's width 3 yards. Materials that have a sheen are very much the rage this season and even serge has deserted its habitual dull finish and received a glossy surface. All the old-time fabrics like prunella, cashmere, and broadcloth are being brought again to the front. The latter material might be used for the development of this charming dress. A frock, not too elaborate and yet dressy is needed in every wardrobe.



7063



7421

NO. 7421, LADIES' COAT SUIT, COAT IN 44- OR 40-INCH LENGTH, THREE-PIECE SKIRT. 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch skirt and 40-inch coat, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 54-inch tweed and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch velvet for collar, belt and cuffs. At the lower edge of the skirt the width is $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards. A suit which combines two such desirable qualities as smartness and serviceability is to be found in the illustrated model. The development in mixed black, white and green tweed is distinctly up to date. Transfer Design No. 785 for the petal-shaped bag (10 cents).



7527

NO. 7391, LADIES' SEMI-FITTED DRESS, THREE-PIECE SKIRT; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44-inch prunella and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch material for collar and turn-back cuffs. At the lower edge the skirt measures $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Smart in line and charming in its development is the model illustrated.

NO. 7489, LADIES' MIDDY, COAT CLOSING OR TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 34 TO 36; MEDIUM, 38 TO 40; LARGE, 42 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Medium size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch fabric and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 30-inch for collar and cuffs.

NO. 7271, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, IN 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH, HIGH OR REGULATION WAISTLINE. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch wool plaid. At the lower edge the skirt's width is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A smart skirt conservative in style and suitable for practical wear.

NO. 7422, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 45-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for the collar. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 7495-7517, medium size, requires, 38-inch length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch gabardine for the dress and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch silk to trim.

NO. 7495, LADIES' WAIST WITH COAT CLOSING OR SIMULATED BOX-PLEATS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material for waist and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar and pleats.

NO. 7517, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT, WITH POCKET SECTIONS, HIGH WAISTLINE, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 22 TO 30 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch gabardine. Skirt's width is $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 723 (10 cents).

NO. 7527, LADIES' AND MISSES' COLLARS, HAT AND MUFF. PATTERN IN 2 SIZES, LADIES' AND MISSES' (15 cents).—Any size requires for the straight collar $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 18-inch velvet, the small collar $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch velvet, and pointed collar, 1 yard 48-inch plush. The hat requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch velvet and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard fur banding, and the muff $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch velvet. The hat, muff and pointed collar require 2 yards of 48-inch fur cloth. Up-to-date accessories to the wardrobe.



THE SIMPLEST COSTUMES BEAR THE MOST UP-TO-DATE TOUCHES

For descriptions of models illustrated, see page 38

DESCRIPTIONS OF PATTERNS

(Pages 35 to 37)

Descriptions for page 35

NO. 7522, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, SLEEVES ATTACHED TO UNDERBODY, THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch checked fabric for dress, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch satin for sleeves and sash, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch material for collar and $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards fur banding. At the lower edge the skirt's width is 3 yards. With its fronts extending into sash ends and a full, straight-hanging skirt, this dress is strictly up to date. Transfer Design No. 784 for bag (10 cents).

No. 7490, LADIES' JUMPER DRESS, STRAIGHT SKIRT, PLEATED OR GATHERED, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4 yards of 50-inch material, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 18-inch velvet for the collar and 1 yard of 36-inch lining for the waist. Lower edge of skirt measures 3 yards. The sleeves, of which two styles are offered, are attached to the lining. Transfer Design No. 779 is used for the embroidery on waist and pockets (10 cents).

No. 7525, LADIES' COAT, IN 54- OR 45-INCH LENGTH; COLLAR WITH OR WITHOUT SCARF ENDS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54-inch velours and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 48-inch plush for collar and cuffs. A practical and smart coat is here illustrated and developed in brick-red velours, which is a particularly soft and durable fabric for coats. Zibeline and broadcloth are other materials equally suitable for developing this model.

Descriptions for page 36

No. 7037, LADIES' DRESS, IN INSTEP OR SHORTER LENGTH, TWO-PIECE PRINCESS, OR YOKE FOUNDATION LENGTHENED BY ONE OR TWO-PIECE LOWER SECTION. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 34 TO 46 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, shorter length, $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch material for collar. This dress with its Russian effect is especially stylish this season when such modes are the rage. Lower edge of dress, 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 379 (10 cents).

No. 7333, LADIES' DRESS, FOUR-GORED SKIRT WITH POCKET SECTIONS, HIGH WAISTLINE; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 45-inch material, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 22-inch velvet for the collar. At the lower edge the skirt measures $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 782 is used for the wool embroidery (15 cents). For the seeker after individual styles, here is a model distinctive in design and development.

No. 7350, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS, TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, round length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27-inch for collar and cuffs. At the lower edge the skirt's width is $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards. This simple frock shows the new one-piece style in one of its most attractive forms, with smart patch pockets cartridge pleated at the top. It is suited to a variety of fabrics such as serge, homespun, velveteen and satin. Velvet trimmed with fur would be a highly fashionable development.

No. 7325, LADIES' DRESS, IN ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch striped material and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 40-inch plain material. At the lower edge the skirt's width is 3 yards. In its combination of plain and striped material this dress is unusually pleasing. Although here made of new material it might serve as a suggestion for remodeling the last season's frock.



7522



7490



7525

Descriptions for page 37

No. 7379, LADIES' OVERDRESS, INSTEP OR TUNIC LENGTH, THREE-PIECE FOUNDATION SKIRT, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 34 TO 40 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards 50-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 50-inch contrasting material for collar and $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards fur banding. Width of foundation skirt is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. In redingote effect is this dress with a dart-fitted bodice which has a smart little point in the back. Transfer Design No. 782 is used for the embroidery on the white broadcloth collar (15 cents). The band of fur edging the tunic is quite a smart addition.

COSTUME NOS. 7497-7507, medium size, requires, 43-inch coat, 38-inch skirt, $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54-inch fabric, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch material for collar. This suit, with the belt of the coat cut in one with the front, is exceedingly smart. The fullness of the skirt corresponds with the fullness of the jacket. Dark green, brown or one of the fashionable wine shades would be attractive for this model.

No. 7497, LADIES' COAT, 43- OR 34-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 43-inch coat; $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch for collar. To the average woman the selection of a suit is a most important matter, as to material, color and style of making. This coat, with fullness held in place by a narrow belt cut in one with the front, is smartly up to date and yet not ultra. Its long lines make it becoming to large women, while with its soft pleats, it is also suited to the more slender type of figure.

No. 7507, LADIES' TWO OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT, HIGH WAISTLINE, 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 7 SIZES; 22 TO 34 WAIST (15 cents).—Size 26 requires, 38-inch length, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 50-inch material. At lower edge the skirt measures $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Here is a model which is indicative of the prevailing line in the late skirts, full but not flaring. The skirt is not difficult to make and may be just as stylish as the illustration. Tweed, serge, gabardine, broadcloth, novelty fabrics in checks, stripes and plaids are equally suited to its development, either as a separate skirt or as part of an entire costume.

7483, LADIES' DRESS, FOUR-GORED SKIRT, GATHERED OR HABIT BACK, HIGH WAISTLINE; 42- OR 38-INCH LENGTH. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 34 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, 38-inch length, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch satin for collar. At the lower edge the skirt measures 3 yards. Simple in line and construction, this model is given an unusual touch by its pretty cuffs and full pockets. In a plain tobacco brown or in a brown and blue shepherd's check with collar of one of the plain matching colors, the dress would be charming and very serviceable for general winter wear. The pattern offers a choice of two very pretty collars. On a dress of broadcloth or gabardine a collar of satin or moiré would be effective.

No. 7505, LADIES' ONE-PIECE BOX-PLEATED DRESS, ROUND OR INSTEP LENGTH. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 34 TO 42 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires, instep length, 4 yards of 54-inch serge, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch flannel for collar. Lower edge

of skirt, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The loose-hanging dress with the fullness confined at the waist by a belt or a sash is one of the smartest of the winter's styles. This model, with its square yoke, might be a direct descendant of Mother Hubbard's own dress if it were not for the sash that keeps it within the bounds of trimness. Serge, gabardine, cheviot and poplin are all suitable for the development of such a dress and white satin or broadcloth may be used for the collar.

BEWITCHING FROCKS FOR FAIR MAIDS



7414



7518



7528



7376



7414

7518
Transfer Design No. 737

7528

Transfer Design No. 779



7376

NO. 7528, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, TWO-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 50-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch for collar. Skirt's width, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Transfer Design No. 779 (10 cents).

No. 7414, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, STRAIGHT SKIRT WITH UPPER AND LOWER SECTIONS, IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires, shorter length, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 38-inch figured taffeta. The skirt's width is 3 yards.

No. 7518, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD, STRAIGHT UPPER SECTION LENGTHENED BY A STRAIGHT LOWER SECTION IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch messaline, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 11-inch flouncing and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon. Skirt's width, 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 737 (10 cents).

No. 7376, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch flannel for collar. The skirt measures $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 7484, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, FOUNDATION LENGTHENED BY ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR FLOUNCE IN TWO LENGTHS, SLEEVES ATTACHED TO FOUNDATION, TWO-PIECE TUNIC, HIGH WAISTLINE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires, with pointed tunic, $5\frac{5}{8}$ yards 36-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch material for collar and cuffs, and $13\frac{1}{2}$ yards velvet ribbon. The skirt measures $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.



7486



7484



7498



7486



7484



7512

7498

Transfer Design No. 737

No. 7486, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, TWO-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44-inch material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 22-inch material for collar and cuffs. Skirt's width, 3 yards.

No. 7512, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch striped material and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plain fabric. Lower edge of skirt measures $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 7498, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, SLEEVES ATTACHED TO AN UNDERBODY. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires 4 yards 44-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 22-inch material for collar and cuffs. Lower edge of the straight skirt is 3 yards. Transfer Design No. 737 (10 cents).



7512



7182

NO. 7182, MISSES' DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch material for adjustable collar. At the lower edge, dress measures $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The one-piece dress which hangs loose, but is belted in trimly at the waist, is extremely popular this season. The model illustrated is a charming example of this type of frock.



7496

NO. 7496, MISSES' SAILOR DRESS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, BLOUSE WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE, TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD, THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 27-inch flannel for collar. Skirt's width, gathered back, 3 yards. A practical sailor suit with unusual claims in the way of good style.



7182

7496



7344



7464-7527

For other views and description of Muff No. 7527, see page 38



7344

NO. 7344, MISSES' COAT SUIT, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN, THREE-PIECE SKIRT IN TWO LENGTHS, HIGH WAISTLINE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 14 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch broadcloth, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 24-inch velvet for collar. At the lower edge the skirt's width is 3 yards. A girl need no longer envy her brother his pockets for she is now supplied with two large pockets on her coat and if she wants more she may also have them on her skirt.



7464

NO. 7464, MISSES' COAT IN TWO LENGTHS, SUITABLE FOR SMALL WOMEN. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 14 TO 15; MEDIUM, 16 TO 17; LARGE, 18 TO 20 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 16 requires, shorter length, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch checked coating and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40-inch fur cloth for collar facing. With a snug, warm collar and rippling fullness, this coat carries with it both style and comfort. The design is suitable for development in the heavy double-faced wool mixtures which require no linings, or the lighter weight coatings with linings.



NONE ARE TOO YOUNG TO BE FASHIONABLE

NO. 7354, GIRL'S DRESS, THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 8 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch material for collar and tab. The collar fastening at the shoulders with almost an epaulette effect, as well as the pockets which are placed on the inside of the skirt, are features which add distinctive touches to this model. Wool poplin and serge are suitable materials for its development.

NO. 6960, CHILD'S DRESS, STRAIGHT LOWER EDGE. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 6 MONTHS TO 4 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 2 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch batiste and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards lace edging for neck and sleeves. With its round yoke and straight lower edge this is an excellent pattern for the dress with a hemstitched hem or straight embroidered edge. The little frock illustrated is made of batiste and the round yoke is embroidered with a floral spray from Transfer Design No. 646 (10 cents).

NO. 7328, GIRL'S DRESS, STRAIGHT PLEATED SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 4 TO 12 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch gingham for dress and 1 yard 40-inch plain fabric for collar and belt. Transfer Design No. 723 is used for the conventional motif on the collar (10 cents).

NO. 7506, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE, TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE, STRAIGHT SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for jumper and skirt and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch batiste for the guimpe. A pleasing model for the little girl's smart guimpe dress.

NO. 6846, BOY'S OVERCOAT AND CAP; COAT WITH SIDE OR CENTER-FRONT CLOSING. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 1 TO 6 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44-inch wool coating for cap and coat. This is an excellent coat for the small boy, warm and serviceable for all kinds of weather.





WE ALL HAVE NEW CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS

NO. 7508, BOY'S SUIT; KNEE TROUSERS. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 2 TO 8 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 44 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for collar. Whether made in serviceable serge or corduroy, or in cotton fabrics such as galatea, rep or chambray, this is an excellent suit for small boys.

NO. 7340, BOY'S RUSSIAN DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; 1 TO 3 YEARS (10 cents).—Size 2 requires 2 yards of 36-inch linen or galatea and 1 yard 27-inch contrasting. This style is particularly adapted to the needs of the little boy who is just graduating from dresses.

NO. 7514, GIRL'S COAT, SINGLE OR DOUBLE BREASTED. PATTERN IN 6 SIZES; 4 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 10 requires 3 yards of 48-inch fur cloth and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining. With its snug high collar this is a splendid model for the little girl to wear in wintry weather.

NO. 7516, GIRL'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE, STRAIGHT SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 40-inch material for guimpe facing, sleeves and collar, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch lining for guimpe body. Transfer Design No. 723 (10 cents). With the skirt pleated or gathered, this frock would be attractive in velveteen or silk poplin for best wear. Serge or gabardine is recommended for daily use.

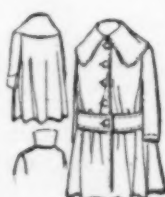
NO. 7492, CHILD'S DRESS, TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 4 SIZES; 4 TO 10 YEARS (15 cents). Size 4 requires for skirt, bib, pocket and belt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards same width contrasting fabric for the waist. This is a charming little frock for the small girl. She will adore the roomy pockets on the skirt and the little bib in front which extends into a belt around the back. These touches make the simple little frock very distinctive without adding extra work.



7508



7340



7514



7516



7492



7494

NO. 7494, GIRL'S DRESS WITH OR WITHOUT JUMPER. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 10 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44-inch material for the dress and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 30-inch for collar, belt and straps. A new dress which will suit the most fastidious young person as well as her mother.



7488

NO. 7488, GIRL'S DRESS, TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch velvet for collar. An unusual collar aids in giving this little model excellent style. It is sure to be pleasing to the young girl for her school dress, which is most important to her.

NO. 7502, GIRL'S JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE, DRESS TO BE SLIPPED ON OVER THE HEAD; TWO-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch velveteen and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18-inch satin for the collar and pocket laps. Transfer Design No. 782 (15 cents) is used for the embroidery.



7502

NO. 7504, GIRL'S DRESS, THREE-PIECE SKIRT. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 6 TO 14 YEARS (15 cents).—Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 45-inch worsted and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch contrasting material for collar, bands, cuffs and pockets. Attractive in design and serviceable in development is this dress of plaid worsted suitable for school wear.



7504



7510

7510

Transfer Designs Nos.
782 and 744

A Variety of the
Newest Collars

Clothes for the
Christmas Doll

For descriptions,
see page 47



7500

FOR THE CHRISTMAS BABIES

An Apron and Dressing Sacque for Mother



7018

Transfer Designs No. 318 and No. 448

NO. 7018, INFANT'S SET, BODY AND SLEEVE IN ONE; COAT, CAP, DRESS, SLIP, KIMONO IN TWO LENGTHS, PETTICOAT AND GERTRUDE PETTICOAT. PATTERN IN 1 SIZE (15 cents).—Coat requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch cashmere; cap, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch fabric, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard edging; dress and slip, each $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch batiste; kimono, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 32-inch outing flannel; plain petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch nainsook; gertrude petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch flannel. Transfer Design No. 318, scallops; No. 448, feather-stitching (10 cents each).



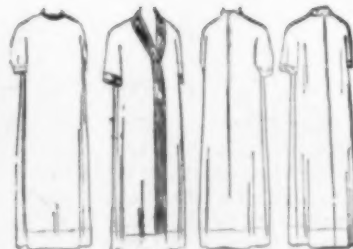
7526

Transfer Design No. 786 for Embroidery



7526

Transfer Design No. 317



4500

NO. 4500, INFANT'S SLIP AND KIMONO. PATTERN IN 1 SIZE (10 cents).—The slip requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 27-inch material; the full-length kimono $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27-inch flannelette. The principal requirement in the wee baby's wardrobe is simple things and plenty of them. Slips are preferable to dresses, and kimonos to the other style of wrappers because resisting little arms can be slipped into the arm-holes without difficulty. The long kimono may be cut to a shorter length for which perforations are given in the pattern. Flannel and albatross are recommended for the kimono, while for the slip, nainsook, batiste or cambric may be used.

NO. 7510, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS COLLARS AND CUFFS. PATTERN IN 2 SIZES; LADIES' AND MISSES' (10 cents).—In either size the cape collar and belt, with or without cuffs, require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; overlapping cuffs, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 40-inch; sailor collar, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard, and pointed cuff, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 20-inch; straight collar, 1 yard 7-inch flouncing; shawl collar, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 782 on cape (15 cents); No. 744 on pointed collar (10 cents).

See opposite page for views



6980

NO. 6980, BABY BUNTING OR SLEEPING BAG; WITH OR WITHOUT SLEEVES, TWO STYLES OF HOOD. PATTERN IN 2 SIZES; INFANT'S AND SIX MONTHS; 1 AND 2 YEARS (10 cents).—Infant's size, with sleeves, requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch eiderdown; without sleeves, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The aim of this practical garment is to keep restless little hands and feet warm.

NO. 7490, LADIES' AND MISSES' APRON IN TWO LENGTHS. PATTERN IN 3 SIZES; SMALL, 32 TO 34; MEDIUM, 36 TO 38; LARGE, 40 TO 42 BUST (10 cents).—Medium size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material and 8 yards of lace edging. This is a practical little garment which slips on over the head, having the back buttoning to the back of the skirt section. A rounded outline at lower edge may be used.

7500, DOLL'S SET; CAPE, JUMPER DRESS WITH GUIMPE, BATH ROBE, PETTICOAT AND DRAWERS. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 14 TO 30 INCHES IN HEIGHT (10 cents).—Size 26 requires for cape 1 yard 44-inch material; dress, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch material; guimpe, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch; bath robe, plain, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 36-inch material; petticoat, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard, and drawers, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch material.

See opposite page for views



7490



7490

NO. 7526, INFANT'S SET; DRESS, SLIP AND WRAPPER OR SACQUE WITH BODY AND SLEEVE IN ONE; PETTICOAT, GERTRUDE AND BIB. PATTERN IN ONE SIZE (15 cents).—Dress requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch lawn; slip, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch nainsook; sacque, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch flannel; plain petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 30-inch longcloth; gertrude petticoat, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27-inch flannel; wrapper, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch flannel. Transfer Design No. 786 for sprays, No. 317 for scallops on bib (10 cents each).

NO. 7493, LADIES' DRESSING SACQUE; TWO STYLES OF SLEEVE. PATTERN IN 5 SIZES; 36 TO 44 BUST (15 cents).—Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch figured flannelette, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards ribbon for girdle and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards narrow ribbon for binding. A comfortable and pretty style for the dressing sacque to be slipped on on cold winter mornings. Shorter bell-shaped sleeves are also offered.



7493



7493

WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT

SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE MANY FRIENDLY LETTERS

By OUR READERS

Honorable Mention

DEAR EDITOR.—I take your magazine and enjoy it very much. All of us wait anxiously for it to come each month, since it has so much good reading in it for the whole family. I have gotten a lot out of the page *Just Between Ourselves*. When I read the *Forecast*, I am more and more anxious for the next issue. I like your fashions—they are so common-sense-like. I have never used a pattern that was as easy to cut by, as yours.

I am so grateful you have added *Etiquette in the Home*. I have wondered why you didn't continue it. I do hope that *Lessons in Home Millinery* and the home money-making department will continue. They are so much help, especially to farmers' wives who live as far away from the railroad as I do. It is impossible to go to town and get a new hat every season. The lessons are so explained that anyone can learn them.

The September number has the prettiest embroidery designs of any. I get lots of help from the *House-keeping Exchange*. I can't find any fault in the magazine at all. I appreciate everything that is in your magazine, and I don't ever expect to be without it any more. Every chance I get I will send you a subscription.

—Mrs. L. M. W., Elza, Georgia.

THE EDITOR OF McCALL'S MAGAZINE.—I feel it my duty to write and tell you how much I, for one, enjoy your magazine. The stories are excellent and I read every one with the utmost pleasure, while the patterns are so easy to make up that I find dressmaking with them a pleasure. The only complaint I have is that I wish it would be published every week instead of every month. I wish you continued success.

—M. P., Avon-by-the-Sea, New Jersey.

DEAR EDITOR.—I have just been digesting some of the excellent things in the September number of McCALL'S, and wish to tell you how much I have enjoyed every story and article that I have read.

The magazine truly grows better with each number, and I look forward to its arrival every month with a great deal of pleasure.

The story, *Struggles and Songs*, impressed me very much.

—Mrs. A. R. B.

DEAR FRIENDS.—We have been taking your magazine in our home for the past few years, and although we take subscriptions to twelve other magazines, we find McCALL'S beats them all.

—H. P., Jersey City, New Jersey.

The October Editorial

EDITOR McCALL'S MAGAZINE.—I was delighted with your editorial this month on the O. B. Club. I, myself, have five perfectly healthy, happy little and big ones, just because the man I chose was clean. My oldest daughter is married and has a darling little son, healthy and happy, for the very same reason. I do not know why more mothers do not see and know that their future sons-in-law are not what

they should be. A movement like you have started may cause a lot of mothers and fathers to wake up—at least, let's hope so!

—Z. P., Bentonville, Arkansas.

DEAR EDITOR.—Having just read the first article in your October number, *Just Between Ourselves*, I feel I must drop you a line of appreciation. Let us hope that many of our monthly magazines will publish just such articles. Can anything be more necessary to-day, than the breeding of better babies? The time has arrived when the question of clean parents must be discussed freely. It is the only way which will overcome the social diseases. I am not a constant reader of your magazine, but intend to be.

—Mrs. A. C. M., Bluefield, W. Va.

About The Little Gold God

DEAR EDITOR.—I have been wanting to write for a long time and tell you how I like the stories in McCALL'S MAGAZINE. I am especially delighted with *The Little Gold God*. Your serial stories are the best. I can hardly wait from one month to the other to find out how Betty is getting along and how she finds out who Lieutenant Gordon is in love with. I believe it is the best story I have ever read, except one, *The Crowning*, which ran in your magazine two or three years ago.

—E. M., Blandville, Kentucky.

Our Baby Welfare Department

GENTLEMEN.—I am writing to let you know how much I enjoy McCALL'S MAGAZINE. It is splendid. You have the best fiction published. It is clean and constructive. I get very little time for reading, but always have your magazine with me and read it on the trolleys, mornings and evenings. McCALL'S MAGAZINE is the equal of any magazine published for a dollar-and-a-half a year and it is better than some of them. I read it from cover to cover and enjoy every department. I am thankful you are starting a *Baby Welfare Department*.

—M. H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DEAR EDITOR.—I am glad McCALL'S MAGAZINE is to have the *Baby Welfare Department* and I have enjoyed reading the article, *Choosing Your Grandchildren*, immensely. Every word of it is so true.—M. A. G., Lillington, N. C.

One of Many More

DEAR EDITOR.—I have been a silent reader of your magazine for two years now. I read several magazines, but I always like McCALL'S best, and read it first. I like the stories because I get some good information out of every one, and there are always many good pages for the busy housewife, the mother, the dressmaker—my mother is a dressmaker and likes McCALL patterns best of any—the milliner, and, in fact, everyone in the family. I think the home money-making page has been a great help to many.

I am always interested in the embroidery pages.

I only wish the magazine was published weekly instead of monthly.

—Mrs. C. P., Julian, North Carolina.



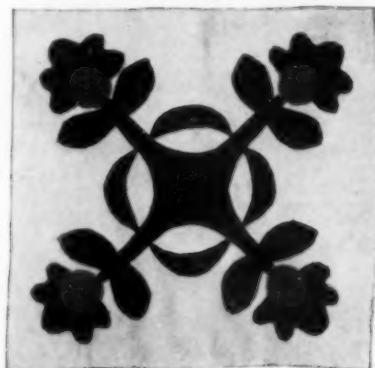
DEAR EDITOR.—I am enclosing a snap-shot of my little fifteen-months-old daughter. I am sure it will prove of interest to you, since it expresses the universal love for McCALL'S MAGAZINE.—F. O., California.

QUAINT OLD PATCHWORK BLOCKS

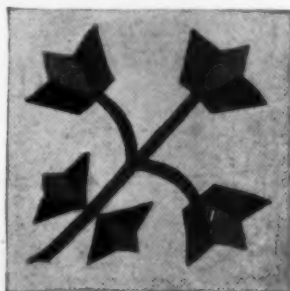
SOME DESIGNS YOUR GRANDMOTHER MAY RECOGNIZE

By IDA M. JACKSON

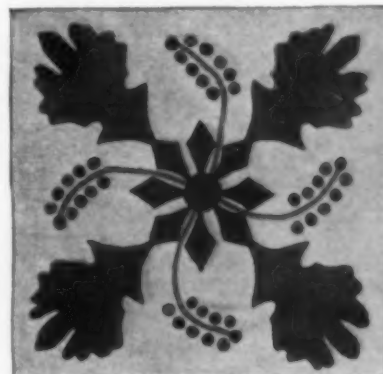
Editor's Note.—Mrs. Jackson has spent years in collecting these rare quilt designs—dear to the eyes of our grandmothers and now equally precious to us. We shall be glad to furnish you perforated patterns of them at ten cents each. Address McCall's Magazine, New York City.



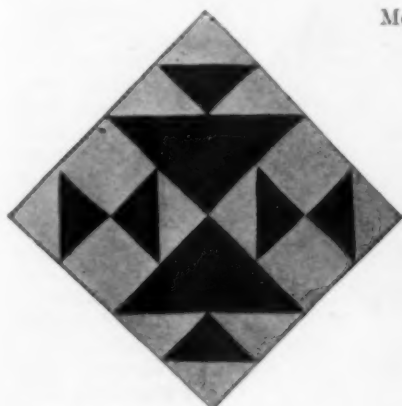
THE HARRISON ROSE.—This quilt is made of nine blocks, eighteen inches wide, set together with four-inch strips, and has a twelve-inch white border.



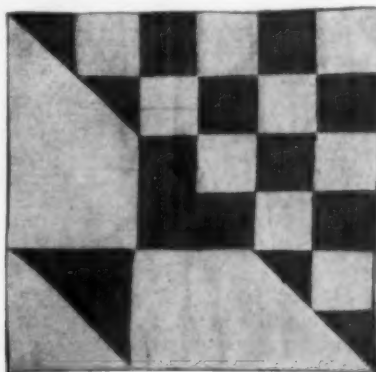
MOUNTAIN LILY.—Nine fifteen-inch blocks, set with white squares; ten-inch green border.



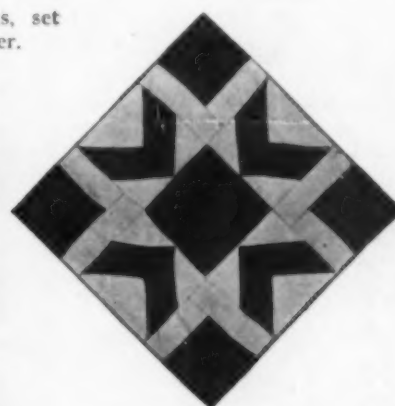
THE CACTUS FLOWER.—Sixteen blocks, sixteen inches square, set together with four-inch strips. White quilt border is eight inches wide.



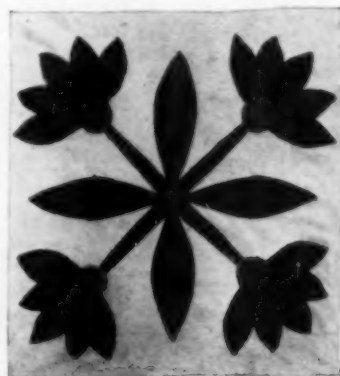
OLD MAID'S PUZZLE.—Forty-two blocks, ten inches square, set together with sash strips three inches wide. Quilt has five-inch white border.



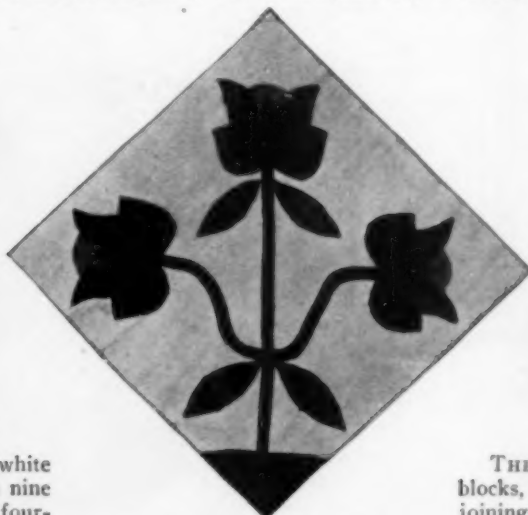
STRAWBERRY BASKET.—Thirty ten-and-a-half-inch blocks, set diagonally with white squares; pink border.



THE MORNING STAR.—Thirty blocks, set square, joined by three-inch white strips, and finished with a four-inch white border.



MEXICAN ROSE.—A twelve-inch white border, bound with green, encloses nine blocks, eighteen inches square, with four-inch sash strips.



RARE OLD TULIP PATTERN.



THE INDIANA BEAUTY.—Forty-two blocks, set together without any other joinings. Around the quilt is a white five-inch border, bound with red.



Delicious Mince Pies

always result when Armour's Mince Meat is used. Its full-flavored, appetizing goodness is the result of the famous Armour blend—choicest meats and suet combined in carefully studied proportions with selected currants, raisins, spices.

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ARMOUR'S COMPANY

CHICAGO

W-147



NEW HOLIDAY EMBROIDERY

Designed by HELEN THOMAS

No. 781—Design for four underwear sprays, developed in white or in the new colored embroidery. This spray is especially effective on a nightgown, with stems done in the outline-stitch, leaves and flowers in the satin-stitch, and the dots in eyelets. If the underwear is of cotton or linen, stranded or medium-weight mercerized cotton is used for embroidering; if the underwear is of silk, medium-weight silk floss is used. Directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.



781—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR UNDERWEAR SPRAY

colored beads will be more effective. Directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.



785—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BEADED BAG

No. 785—Design for petal-shaped, beaded bag, 8½ inches deep from draw-string to bottom. For shopping-bag, grosgrain or faille silk is used in black or navy blue; for theater-bag, white or pearl-gray silk with

No. 783—Design for round pillow-covers, 17 inches in diameter, back and front covers lacing together with 2½ yards of ribbon. The silk puffing showing between the embroidered covers gives an extremely dainty effect when it matches the pink, green, or brown of the embroidery. The back cover is plain with scalloped edge; the top cover is embroidered in a rose- and lattice-work design. Roses and leaves are worked in the satin-stitch; the lattice-work in brown outline-, and the scalloped edges in buttonhole-stitch. The latter are done in

[Concluded on page 51]



783—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR PILLOW COVER

NEW HOLIDAY EMBROIDERY

[Continued from page 50]

outline- just inside the scallops with rose - pink. The dots are worked in the eyelet-stitch. The transfer design is 15 cents.

No. 782—Banding and motif design, used in the fashionable wool embroidery. Each little line is taken with a single stitch. Pattern provides $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding 2 inches wide and 4 motifs 3 inches long. The banding is striking around hem of skirt or tunic, or around collar and sleeves; motifs are pretty worked on pockets or belts. Transfer design, 15 cents.

No. 786—Design for infant's dress. This exceedingly dainty pattern is suitable to be worked on the baby's best dress. A single thread of stranded cotton is used for the stems. These are worked in the outline-stitch, the leaves in the satin, and the edges of rose in satin-stitch with petals done in seeding. The small flower-petals are done in either the satin- or the eyelet-stitch as preferred. Full directions provided with pattern. Transfer design, 10 cents.

No. 784—Bead design for bag measuring 9 inches from draw-string to bottom. For a shopping bag, this is extremely hand-



782—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BANDING AND MOTIFS



786—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR INFANT'S DRESS



784—TRANSFER DESIGN FOR BEADED BAG

some in black or colored faille silk; and for a theater bag, in white or some pale tint. Like the other bag-

pattern (No. 785), this, too, is decorated with beads. The center of the rose is worked with dark pink beading and the edges with a lighter shade of pink. Green beads are used for the rest of the wreath. Full directions for

stamping, and for sewing on the beads are provided with the pattern. As a finishing touch, the top of the bag is faced with a long beaded strip that shows when the frilled edge flares over. Transfer design, including pattern for both front and back of bag and border for top, may be had for 10 cents. If desired, design may be worked in steel beads.

Editor's Note.—McCall Kaumagraph patterns can be transferred to material with a hot iron in less than a minute. Obtained at McCall Pattern agencies, or postpaid from McCall Co. on receipt of 10 or 15 cents. Stamped material not supplied. McCall's Book of Embroidery gives designs and lessons on stitches for household linen, initials, scallops, and garments, etc. In U. S., with 1 free transfer pattern, 15 cents; by mail, 25 cents; in Canada, 20 cents; by mail, 30 cents.



In After Years—

One can be mighty glad if, in the spring- and summer-time of life, some care was given to Nature's laws of health.

To a great degree continued elasticity, vigor and happiness lie in the rational use of good food and drink, and in the avoidance of those things that usually hasten a condition of old age.

For this reason a great many thoughtful people have adopted

POSTUM

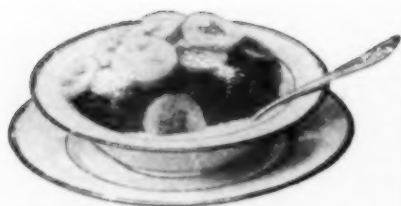
as their usual table beverage.

It is a pure, cereal food-drink, free from any harmful substance, but nourishing, and especially delicious in flavor.

When tea or coffee interferes with personal comfort, a change to Postum brings happy results.

"There's a Reason"

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Know Your Own Stomach

You ought to know more about it than the Doctor. You have lived with it a long time. You know how you have treated it. You know whether it will digest cucumbers or lobsters. You know how vitally it is related to your health, to your happiness, to your earning capacity. There is always safety in

Shredded Wheat

the food that is easily digested when the stomach rejects all other foods. It contains all the body-building nutriment in the whole wheat, including the bran coat, which is so useful in keeping the bowels healthy and active. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is made by the best process ever devised for making the whole wheat grain digestible. It contains more real nutriment than meat or eggs and costs much less.

For breakfast heat one or more biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream. Salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Wholesome and delicious for any meal in combination with fresh or preserved fruits.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

A STYLISH WINTER DRESS

LESSON 70—THE HOME DRESSMAKER

By MARGARET WHITNEY

NO one more than the home dressmaker appreciates the vogue for one-piece dresses that is now raging in the fashion world. The simplicity of this style is very evident, and one can not fail to obtain smart results.

No. 7491 is a charming example of this type of dress. As shown in Fig. 1, it is fashioned of light gray broadcloth and trimmed with the new wool embroidery that decorates so many of the winter dresses.

On gray broadcloth one might use bright blue, deep purple, or lavender wool. Any other color scheme may be carried out according to the color of the material in which the dress is developed, and according to each one's original ideas. This trimming is wonderfully effective and the actual work is simplicity itself. The design shown is worked from transfer No. 481. Price, 10 cents. A detailed illustration showing the manner of working, is shown in Fig. 2. The wool is couched on with silk floss or mercerized cotton in a contrasting or lighter shade than the wool.

The collar of the dress may be of white flannel or satin, edged with rows of the couched-on wool. For this no pattern will be required, the rows being placed straight around the square collar, each row an even distance apart.

The hat and bag shown on the figure may also be made at home. They will make your costume exceedingly chic and even more complete. Both could be developed in black velvet. The hat is one of the new tam-o'-shanter shapes which are so popular, and the bag is a petal-shaped design which may be beaded. The price of pattern of hat No. 7527 is 15 cents, and the bag, transfer design No. 785, 10 cents.

THE PATTERN.—The dress is made with an overwaist in jumper effect, over a body lining to which the sleeves are attached. The center-fronts and back of the waist

should be of lining material, and the side sections of the cloth. The skirt is a one-piece model in round or instep length, and is circular in cut. If you do not care to have the pleats at the waistline, gathers may be used instead. The lower edge measures three and one-quarter yards. The pattern comes in 4 sizes; from 34 to 40 bust measure. Price, 15 cents.

For the development (Fig. 1) size 36, instep length, requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch broadcloth, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch lining material for fronts and back of waist and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material for collar.



FIG. 1—NO. 7491—BROADCLOTH DRESS WITH WOOL EMBROIDERY. TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 481. HAT NO. 7527. BAG TRANSFER DESIGN NO. 785

TO CUT.—Compare the pieces of your pattern with those on the diagram given on the front of the pattern-envelope, and arrange them on the material according to the directions given on the back of the envelope. The directions tell you which pieces are cut crosswise and which lengthwise of the material. Cut off the left end of the belt at the double small circles. The overwaist is to be cut like the pattern if opened in front. For the lining, white lawn or cambric may be used.

TO MAKE THE WAIST.—Close the seams with notches matching and baste along the line indicated by long perforations. Try on the waist and if you find that no alterations are necessary, stitch

along the basted line on the machine.

Before closing the seams of the sleeves, make three upward-turning pleats by creasing the material at the single crosses and bringing the creases to the single small circles. If you use the embroidery at the lower edge of the sleeve, the design must be stamped and worked first, after you have ascertained the correct length of the sleeve. Then close the seams and finish the lower edge of the sleeve with a narrow underfacing cut from a bias strip of soft material. Sew the sleeves in the

[Concluded on page 53]

A STYLISH WINTER DRESS

[Continued from page 52]

waist with notches matching and bind the armhole-edge with seam-binding.

For the overwaist, sew up the shoulder-seams and finish all edges with a narrow bias underfacing, except the fronts which have a hem allowance indicated by large circles.

The large square collar is sewed to the neck-edge of the overwaist between the shoulder-seams, and slashed at those points, then the front edges are bound and finished by hand. The stitches will be concealed underneath when the collar is turned back. If the collar is of flannel, it need not be lined; but if of silk or satin, it should be lined before it is attached to the overwaist.

Gather the lower edges of overwaist and attach to upper edge of belt. The belt is folded under at the edges along the small circles. The upper edges are lapped over the edges of overwaist with side edges of overwaist at single large circles. Stitch to position three-eighths of an inch from folded edge, and finish the inside neatly with a lining cut a little narrower than the belt. The lower edge of the belt is to be attached to the top of the skirt which will be joined to the underwaist.

THE SKIRT.—If pleats are used, make thirteen backward-turning pleats by creasing the upper edge at single crosses and bringing the creases to the single small circles. At the center-back each crease meets the seam on either side. If gathering is used instead of pleats, make two lines of gathers, one at the upper edge and another one-half inch below.

Sew up the center-back seam of skirt, press open and bind each edge. When the top is completed, stitch to the lower edge of waist with center at center-front and seam at center-back. There is no placket-opening, as the dress slips on over the head and fits loosely at the waistline. The lower edge of the belt is stitched to the skirt along the line on which skirt and waist are joined. The belt opening is at the left side and is finished with hooks and eyes or snap fasteners.

After the skirt is attached, it is best to let it hang for three or four days before

finishing the lower edge, as, being circular, it will probably sag. If this is done, it will save all the trouble of doing your hem over when the dress has been worn for some time. The lower edge is finished with a false hem three inches wide. There is no hem allowance in the pattern.

The pockets are very simple to make and to apply to the skirt. The upper edges

should be underfaced about two inches. Turn under the remaining edges and stitch to the skirt, with outer edges along line

of double small circles, and with large circles on pocket toward the front.

The other possibilities of this dress are shown in the small views, Fig. 3. The overwaist may be made without the opening at the center-front, and in this case the opening should be at the left shoulder. If this style is preferred, when cutting out the pattern, cut off the front edge of overwaist along large circles and place the edge on a lengthwise fold of the material. The round collar, with points in front, goes well with this style. When the round collar is used and the overwaist is opened on the shoulder, the collar, of course, can not be stitched all around the neck edge. The left side must be finished separately from the shoulder to the center-front and afterwards pinned into place when worn.

The wool embroidery trimming is highly fashionable, but if one does not care to undertake the work, flat silk braid may be used instead on the edges of the overwaist, belt, sleeves and pockets. The fashionable dark green and wine shades are often trimmed with black silk braid. For the dress material, broadcloth, duvetyn, velours, serge, gabardine, poplin, satin or taffeta is appropriate. These ma-

terials may be had in a variety of lovely colors. Brown, mustard-color, taupe, different shades of green and blue, plum, Burgundy, brick red, gray, and violet are some of the most popular.

Editor's Note.—Write to Mrs. Whitney concerning any difficulty you may have in selecting designs or materials for your winter wardrobe, and she will be glad to assist you if you will enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for her reply.



FIG. 2—THE WOOL IS COUCHED ON WITH SILK OR MERCERIZED FLOSS



FIG. 3—OTHER VIEWS OF NO. 7491



Old Colony Pattern

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERWARE

Underlying the beauty that excites admiration is the quality that makes this silverplate a prized possession.

Backed by an unqualified guarantee

Sold by leading dealers everywhere



Send for illustrated catalogue "Z-45"

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MORRIS & COMPANY
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CHRISTMAS NEEDLE HINTS

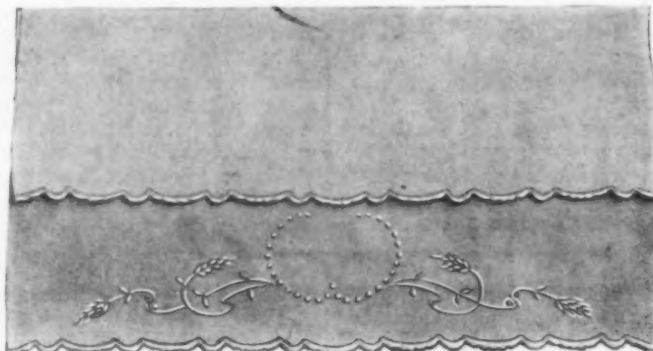
By GENEVIEVE STERLING

No. 10590—Baby Pillow. This extremely dainty and pretty design is to be worked in French knots and button-hole-embroidery. The edges are scalloped in white and the rest of the design done in pink and green. The word “Baby” is worked in



10590—BABY PILLOW

ery. The border is scalloped and worked in button hole. Stamped on 16- by 24-inch huckaback (guest size), including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, the towel may be had for 25 cents; stamped on 16- by 24-inch linen huck (guest



10591—TOWEL

simple outline-stitch and French knots. The design stamped on 18- by 30-inch batiste, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, may be had for 35 cents; stamped on 18- by 30-inch fine white linen, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 60 cents; including sufficient embroidery silk to work, extra, 30 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping materials, 10 cents. Free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

No. 10591—Towel—to be worked in the solid- and buttonhole-embroidery. The border design is especially attractive and is done in white solid- and outline-embroid-



10595—CHILD'S DRESS

size), including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 50 cents; stamped on 20- by 36-inch huckaback, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 40 cents; stamped on 20- by 36-inch linen huck, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 85 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents. Free for four 50-cent subscriptions.

No. 10595—Pretty Design for a Child's Dress (McCall Pattern No. 6430) to be worked in either eyelet- or solid-embroidery with edges buttonholed. The design is stamped on cross-bar lawn and may be had

[Concluded on page 55]

CHRISTMAS NEEDLE HINTS

[Continued from page 54]

in two- and four-year sizes, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, for 45 cents; stamped on mercerized white poplin, piqué, or batiste, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 65 cents; sufficient embroidery silk to work, extra, 15 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, may be bought for 10 cents. Free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

No. 10593—Table-Runner. This design is very simple to work and is extremely pretty in green and pink colors. Only the outline-stitch is used. Stamped on 17-by-48-inch white or tan crash, including sufficient embroidery thread to work, the runner may be had for 50 cents; with sufficient embroidery silk for 35 cents extra. Colored fringe for both ends may be bought for 25 cents extra. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents. Free for two 50-cent subscriptions.

No. 10594—A Combination of Baby Hood and Cape. This novel design is to be worked in the eyelet- and the lazy-daisy-embroidery, and is especially effective worked in blue or pink with a cape lining to match the color of the embroidery. Stamped on 27-by-27-inch mercerized white poplin, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, the design may be had for 45 cents; stamped on 27-by-27-inch cream-white cashmere, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, 75 cents; including sufficient embroidery silk to work, extra, 25 cents. Perforated pattern, including stamping material, 10 cents.



10593—TABLE-RUNNER



10594—BABY HOOD AND CAPE



10592—SOILED-HANDKERCHIEF CASE

Free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

No. 10592 — A Handy Soiled - Handkerchief Case—to be worked in solid- and buttonhole - embroidery. The pocket stamped on 12- by 12- inch and the design stamped on 18- by 18- inch linen - finished lawn, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work, and one embroidery-hoop for the top, may be had for 35 cents; the pocket stamped on 12- by 12- inch and the design stamped on 18- by 18- inch fine white linen, including sufficient embroidery cotton to work and one embroidery-hoop for the top, may be had for 65 cents; a sufficient amount of embroidery silk to work may be had for 35 cents extra. An article of this kind may be worked in white or in colors—pink, blue, green or yellow—to harmonize with the color scheme of the boudoir. Also, what is important at this season of the year, it will prove a most acceptable Christmas gift, since it is both useful and ornamental. Perforated pattern may be had for 10 cents. Free for three 50-cent subscriptions.

Editor's Note.—Perforated pattern of any article illustrated on page 54 or on this page, including materials and full directions for stamping, may be obtained for 10 cents, postage prepaid. These patterns are not carried by agencies. New fancy-work book with lessons on stitches will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp. Send check, money order, or stamps by mail to the McCall Company, 236 to 246 West 37th Street, New York City.



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Pot
and
Pan
Spick
and
Span



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Be Sure That Your Next Hot Water Bottle Is A

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THESE Patented "WEAREVER" HOT Water Bottles are moulded into one piece—not cemented together. They have no seams or "re-enforcing bindings" to come loose and leak. They are doubly strong at all points of wear; they have no weak places anywhere. The rubber is strong and tough; yet soft, pliable and elastic. It is this quality rubber which makes "WEAREVER" Hot Water Bottles last longer, wear better and give more service.

Of those shown above, No. 40 "WEAREVER" is our popular leader. No. 75 "WEAREVER" is another splendid value, while No. 50 De Luxe "WEAREVER" is the finest water bottle we make—beautifully designed and colored.

Ask your druggist for a "WEAREVER" the next time you buy a hot water bottle, or any other rubber article for Household, Nursery, Toilet or Sick Room Use. "WEAREVER" values, and the long satisfactory service these rubber goods give, will please you.

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It gives descriptions of these and other goods. Mailed postpaid upon request. If you care to enclose 6c in stamps, we will send also one of our regular "C" size, 16c "WEAREVER" Rubber Sponges. It's a convenient toilet requisite that can be cleaned by boiling.

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623 Rubber Street Ashland, Ohio



These Articles Illustrated Here:

1. Faultless "Kantchoke" Nipples (Pat. June 22, '09), Ball Top Shape. Pure Gum Transparent (Light) or Pure Para (Dark); also Red, Black and Uncolored.
2. Faultless "Kantchoke" Nipples (Pat. June 22, '09) Regular Shape. Pure Gum Transparent (Light) or Pure Para (Dark); also White, Maroon and Black.
3. Faultless Nipples. Pure Gum Transparent (Light) or Pure Para (Dark); also White, Maroon and Black.
4. Faultless Swan Bill Nipples. Pure Gum Transparent (Light) or Pure Para (Dark); also White, Maroon and Black.
5. Section View of Faultless "Natural Nurse" Nipple (Pat. July 13, '10) showing inside of nipple.
6. Faultless "Natural Nurse" (Pat. July 13, '10) showing complete outfit.
7. "Wearever" No. 24 Fountain Syringe. Sizes 2 and 3. Maroon Color.
8. "Wearever" Rubber Sponges. Made in "A" size for Every Day Use.
9. Faultless Sponge Brushes. Made in three sizes.

THE CHOICE OF JEWELRY

By LILLIAN PURDY GOLDSBOROUGH

IT is often the details of dress that contribute the real effect of, and subtly express, a woman's taste. The tilt of a bow, the color of a rose, the outline of a brooch, the type of a ring, are indicators of her sense of harmony, fitness, and beauty.

If she is wise, she will temper her judgment in these small but vital particulars with a knowledge of color and form. She will know values, avoid extremes, and choose for herself and others only those accessories that are moderate in style and distinctly suitable. And she will give as much attention to the selection of a hat-pin or a ring as to any other feature of her wardrobe.

There is little excuse nowadays to wear unbecoming jewelry, since art holds sway in every branch of the industry, and the assortment at hand is almost limitless. Clumsy, garnished pieces are no longer in demand. In their place are beautiful, light, graceful ornaments, whose outlines and color-scheme are

charmingly adaptable to the modes of the season. In their manufacture, semi-precious stones, imitations that may not be detected from the "real," and glistening rhinestones are set in gold, silver, and white gold. With these as with the more costly stones, endless combinations are created and all degrees of taste are satisfied.

Among the articles of jewelry most in demand, rings stand out prominently. They have undergone marked changes in recent seasons and have now taken a place in the front ranks of fashion. But it is not the ring of three or four years ago that is occupying this supremacy. It is an entirely new creation. Prongs have vanished from it and, instead, the stone is held as if by magic. There may be simply a mill-graining surrounding the gem, or the pierced or engraved ornamentation may be employed. Again, tiny diamonds or rhinestones are wrought into a beautiful design that encircles the center stone and extends

downward on the ring-band. Still another form shows an open, lacy treatment (Fig. 2). This ring, which may be bought for the approximate cost of \$3.75, also exemplifies another characteristic of present-day rings—the breadth of the setting across the hand.

It may be worn either on the third or fourth finger.

There is no waning in the fashion for mannish rings. A simple seal of gold (Fig. 4), or a large flat stone may be used in this form of ring, a preferred outline being that of an irregular square. A ring of this type costs about \$2.50. There is also a strong demand for the oval-shaped stone. When cut in the cabochon form it is especially pleasing and extremely becoming to the hand. Jade, sardonyx, amethyst, and other stones are set in these heavier rings. An especially pretty combination is an amethyst set in green

gold (Fig. 9). The cost of this ring averages about \$14.

Another type of ring that is having a wide vogue is the coral cameo (Fig.

8), which may be bought for \$9 cheaper than the amethyst type. In any desired size of cameo and a great variety of styles, it is always inexpensive and effective, and forms a distinctive ornament for the "little finger"—especially for the girl in her teens.

Of equal importance this season are brooches and scarf-pins, which show great diversity in design. The circle brooch (Fig. 6) strikes the note of simplicity that is evident in all these ornaments. A brooch of this style costs about \$6. Bar-pins and scarf-pins are treated in graceful, wirework designs, sometimes showing the addition of touches of platinum. The gems used are principally sapphires, amethysts, tourmalines, and pearls. Of these the sapphire seems most popular for the scarf-pin (Fig. 3).

There is nothing more becoming than the soft luster of pearls, however, when used either in brooches, or as a strand to encircle the throat.



FIG. 1—NEW FASHIONABLE COLLAR-STUDS IN GOLD

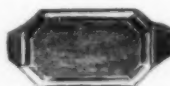


FIG. 4—MAN'S GOLD SEAL RING



FIG. 2—SILVER RING OF RHINESTONES AND SAPPHIRES



FIG. 3—GOLD SCARF-PIN WITH SAPPHIRE CENTER

FIG. 5—GENUINE LAPIS LAZULI PENDANT WITH CHAIN OF GOLD-FINISHED MOTIFS

[Concluded on page 57]

THE CHOICE OF JEWELRY

[Continued from page 56]

For her who aims to be individual in her jewelry, and who appreciates the effect of "jewelry costuming" (a phrase that means the harmonizing of jewels and gowns), nothing could be more appealing than the necklace of lapis lazuli (Fig. 5). With a pendant of genuine lapis lazuli, the chain is formed of gold-finished motifs, having insertions of real lapis beads.

Of course, to wear this unique piece, blue should be the harmonizing color and one should own a gown of a tone that will blend with the stone. An ornament of this kind must be a component part of the costume. This does not mean a contrasting bit of color or scintillation, but rather a softening element that suggests the gown in line and shade.

If one wishes evening jewelry, however, rhinestones set in silver are the most satisfactory substitute for the more precious stones and metals. So skilfully are these mediums now employed that many brilliant effects are attained; and it often takes the eye of a connoisseur to discern the rhinestones from diamonds. In shapes, designs, and workmanship, the more costly ornaments are imitated, so that almost any article that is desired may be had in the latest fashions in rhinestones and silver as well as platinum and diamonds. Pendants of rare grace are patterned exactly after those of the more expensive models. In such cases, the stones are very tiny, and there is the gallery in silver extending around the piece that further perfects it. Large rhinestones are introduced for brilliance and contrast, with a most striking effect. Imitation colored stones also—notably of the sapphire, amethyst, and topaz—are used, diamond-cut or cabochon, the latter being the uncut, polished model. Those to be had at present are of exquisite color. The majority of them are largely importations and are, therefore, limited in supply.

The rings of rhinestones are particularly desirable. The one hitherto mentioned (Fig. 2) is a copy of a lacy ring in platinum and diamonds. It is of a shape and delicacy that are especially fashionable. It bears eight small sapphires in groups of two, which give diversity to the effect and set off the design in an artistic way. It is equally successful as a "little finger" ring or just to wear on the third finger. Rings of this type having one large stone in the center constitute the new form of solitaire for engagement rings. Other fancy rings are also supplanting the prong solitaire, which is now quite passé.



FIG. 6—GREEN GOLD BROOCH SET WITH SAPPHIRES AND PEARLS



FIG. 10—GOLD BUCKLES FOR BABY SLIPPERS

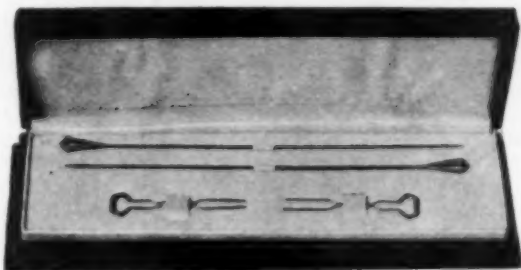


FIG. 7—A MARGUERITE SET WITH GREEN GOLD HAT-PINS AND VEIL-PINS

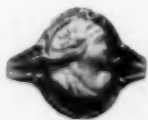


FIG. 8—GOLD RING WITH CORAL CAMEO



FIG. 9—AMETHYST SET IN GREEN GOLD

While many women cling to the drop style, a favorite form of which consists of the dual pearls (one close to the ear and the other swinging by a slender thread of silver), the popular type is the stud earring. A very popular style is a large sapphire surrounded by a pierced band of silver in which tiniest rhinestones are skilfully interspersed.

Among the latest novelties are the new fashionable gold stud for soft collars (Fig. 1), which may be purchased for \$3, and the small gold buckles for baby slippers (Fig. 10), which may be had for \$2. The Marguerite set (Fig. 7) consists of two hat-pins and two veil-pins in green gold with engraved decorations, and may be purchased for about \$5.

desired, while they supply the sparkle that one aims to secure.

Ear-rings also are successfully made in these materials and the demand for them is rapidly increasing.



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are clothes when
washed with
Fels-Naptha Soap*

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A dime will bring you a "one-cake" package, enough for a nice "company cake," and if you mention your dealer's name we will include a 10c Dromedary Cookie-Cutter and a book of Novel Recipes.

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HILLS BROTHERS
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CHRISTMAS BOXES

By ELIZABETH MACKENZIE ROTH

THIS season, the Christmas giver may make doubly welcome her little presents of home-made "goodies," such as crisp cookies, assorted candies, or, perhaps, even a plum pudding, by decorating the boxes in which they are sent. Sets of wooden boxes, fitting one into the other in closely compact fashion, or separate tin boxes may be purchased for an appreciably small amount at the hardware department of almost any dry-goods store; and these, as cheap and common as they are, may be completely beautified with a little clever manipulation of the paint-brush.

It takes absolutely no skill to decorate them. The only requisites for the work are two ten-cent cans of house enamel, one of white and one of black, and a few tubes of artists' oil-paints. The conventional stencil design is transferred to the surface by means of carbon transfer-paper, and the colors are applied according to directions. Sometimes a second coat of paint is desirable for the surface background, but, ordinarily, the combination of the enamel and the oils gives body enough to the paint to make one coat sufficient. The enamel also brightens the colors and makes a more economical mixture.

These boxes (Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4) with the exception of the tin box (Fig. 5) were originally the common wooden type, fitting one into the other in a set of four. The enamel and paints, however, have so changed them that now each stands out with an individuality of its own.

The outer box of the set, for example (Fig. 1), has a beautiful white enamel finish for its background and a conventional design of red poppies and green leaves on the cover. The poppies are done in bright red, the leaves in two tones of green, and the stems in brown. As soon as the paint on the design is dry, the flowers, leaves, and stems are outlined in black. A narrow band of red is then placed around the design in a circle, and just outside the red line, along the edge of the cover, is a heavy black band. The interior is painted orange.

The second-size box of the original set (Fig. 2) is especially unique. The background is painted in a striking black enamel, over which a conventional design of holly is placed, the berries colored in bright red, and the leaves in one tone of green. Like the larger box of the set, this, too, has the attractive finishing touch of colored bands, a narrow one of green circling the design on the very edge, a half-inch band of red circling the green one about one-quarter of an inch further out, and a band of green hardly wider than a pencil line finishing the extreme cover edge. The inside of the box is done in red.



FIG. 1—LARGEST BOX OF SET, IN WHICH PIES COULD BE SENT

A pale violet-colored box (Fig. 3) makes a charming receptacle in which to send an assortment of small cakes. On the cover of this is painted just a black background, over which a spray of conventional flowers is colored in with light tints of blue, pink, yellow, and white to form a sharp color contrast with the black. The leaves are done in light blue-green in order that the general effect of daintiness may not be destroyed. The cover is finished with a narrow band of black on the top rim, outside the flower area, and a wider band of black along the drop edge. The inside is finished in green.



FIG. 2—JUST THE SIZE FOR HOLDING SMALL PLUM PUDDING

The smallest size of the set (Fig. 4) is painted with a green background. A black band decorates the edge of the cover top and the bottom edge of the exterior of the box. The conventional design, which is very simple, is painted in red and green, and the inside is left plain.

The tin cookie-box (Fig. 5) may be painted with a white background. The design, which consists of a graceful arrangement of flowers, is painted on the top of the box, and worked in as medallions on the sides. The flowers are done in blue, red, and white, the white flowers being outlined in black, and the leaves in green. A light



FIG. 3—ATTRACTIVE VIOLET-COLORED BOX FOR FANCY CAKES

green tone serves as a background for the flowers; and the broken lines connecting the medallions on the sides are black.

[Concluded on page 61]

COMMUNITY PLATE

WHAT more exquisite Gift for Her Christmas than Community Plate—either a new outfit for her table, or perhaps those few special pieces she wants for occasions.

She knows—every woman knows Community Plate; its beautiful designs, its assured quality, and the position it holds with the most distinguished families of America and England.

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*Teaspoons \$3.00 the Dozen
At your service for 50 years*

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Style No. 35
Fine glazed kid
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An Ideal Shoe For Winter

Winter's cold and dampness are never considered in the making of ordinary shoes. Yet these two conditions are the cause of many foot troubles and lead to bodily ailments.

Dr. Edison CUSHION SHOE

has an inner sole of live wool felt which excludes this cold and dampness from the sole of the foot. This cushion also permits free blood circulation—so necessary when feet are cold and damp—and relieves the pressure on sensitive foot nerves and tender joints.

The Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe gracefully conforms to the lines of the foot, particularly under the arch, and nicely reflects the refined styles of the season.

If your feet are sensitive, or subject to cold and dampness, try a pair of Dr. Edison's this winter. A dealer is located in nearly every town and city. Write us for his name and copy of free Style Booklet.

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Makers of Women's, Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes



These handkerchiefs are guaranteed all pure linen; initialed in new designs and hemstitched. Each box contains either white or colored embroidered initials. We specialize in handkerchiefs for men, women and children at every price.

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GIFT BOX FOR
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of 6 Embroidered Handkerchiefs 75c



WINTER STYLES IN FOOTWEAR

By FRANCES CABOT

WITH the edict from Paris for longer and less narrow skirts, women's footwear will also show a decided change this season. The high boots of last year's model have given way to lower tops, only seven and one-half to eight inches high, measured from the middle of the instep to the boot top. More somber colors have taken the place of the former gaudy varieties; and considerably more attention is being given than formerly to matching the shoes with the costume.

The conservative colors in kids and leather, such as black, tans, and white, are as fashionable now as ever, although the new colors, castor gray, tobasco brown, golden brown, navy blue, and mahogany are in more demand. Evening slippers are varying from the bronze, white, and black kids to the varicolored shades of brocaded satins; and gold and silver tissue slippers are being worn a great deal with tinsel-trimmed dresses. As for noticeable difference between these and the evening slippers of last year's model is the addition, this season, of rhinestone buckles. The rhinestones are showy and inexpensive and are widely popular because they cannot easily be detected from real diamonds. Even afternoon slippers have the jeweled buckles, but here the rhinestones give way to cut steel or jet.

side-laced boots is no longer popular. Only the old stand-bys, the front-laced and the



BROWN SATIN SLIPPER WITH NEW DESIGN IN STRAPS



GRAY, GLAZED KID, BUTTON MODEL SHOWING CUBAN-LOUIS HEEL



SMART BUTTON STYLE WITH TOBASCO-BROWN, GLAZED KID VAMP AND CASTOR TOP



LACED MODEL WITH GOLDEN-BROWN VAMP AND EIGHT-INCH WHITE, WASHABLE KID TOP

QUITE different from the more or less conservative fashion in slippers is the marked change of style in shoes. Besides having lower tops, they

have also a new heel called the "Cuban Louis." This is a combination of the popular French heel and the old Cuban.

All the up-to-date boots and shoes for street or dress wear have this new model. The only exceptions are the fancy shoe, which still keeps the French heel, and the "sports" shoe with its very low heel. Misses' shoes, too, for the first time in many years, are made with a very low walking heel, and the high-school girl will do well to bear in mind that any shoe with a high heel will, for her, be decidedly out of fashion.

The 1915 model for side-laced boots is no longer popular. Only the old stand-bys, the front-laced and the

button, are to be found in the select stores, with preference given to the latter. As for the material, the up-to-date shoes are made either of all dull leather, all glazed leather, or in combinations of all dull leather, glazed leather, or patent leather vamps with suede tops, the

vamps and tops made in contrasting shades. Brown or gray suede tops make exceptionally pretty contrasts with a different toned dress- or suit-material of the same color.

If desired, the dress material may be chosen purposely to match either the leather vamps or the lighter shaded suede tops of these brown and gray toned shoes.

From these and other styles equally smart, such as the gaiter boot and the white, washable, kid-topped boot, the problem of color harmony and distinctiveness will be solved this season more easily than ever before.

CHRISTMAS BOXES

[Continued from page 58]

One can be absolutely inexperienced in handling oil-paints, and yet obtain wonderful results on boxes like these by following the simple color directions, after the design has been sketched on. Of course, no skill is required to put on the background color; and as for painting in the design, the only care necessary here is in properly mixing the paints to obtain

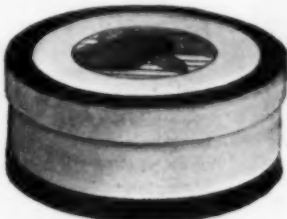


FIG. 4—SMALL GREEN BOX FOR HOME-MADE CANDIES

the right shades. With tubes of black and white oil-paints, the only other colors necessary are the three primary colors. The red and yellow of these will make the orange; the yellow and blue, the green; and the blue and red, the violet.

Another advantage of these boxes, apart from their novelty, is the practical use to which they may be put. Long after their contents of Christmas sweets and dainties are gone, they may be utilized for such varied articles as sewing material,



FIG. 5—TIN COOKY-BOX

collars and cuffs, handkerchiefs, or toilet accessories. The tin box, of course, may be used as a cookie receptacle and, like the wooden boxes of the set, will be a delight to whoever is fortunate enough to receive one as a gift this coming Christmas.

Editor's Note.—If you find you cannot copy the designs on these boxes freehand, we can supply you with perforated patterns for ten cents each. The stencil outfit, if you do not already possess one, is fifty cents, postage prepaid. Address The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



A Ring—The Littlest Gift With the Biggest Meaning

For centuries the ring has been a token of sentiment. It is the most appropriate Christmas gift. Now come W-W-W gem-set rings with stones guaranteed to stay. Should a stone come out or be cracked it will be replaced and reset free.

Go to your jeweler today and ask him to show you these beautiful, yet inexpensive, W-W-W Rings. No gift will be so treasured, nor the giver remembered longer.

W-W-W Rings

With Stones Guaranteed to Stay

There is a W-W-W Ring for everybody. We make four thousand different designs of gem-set rings for men and women. In them and in their craftsmanship is centered the genius of the leaders of this art.

Among W-W-W Rings you can find just the one you want at just the price you want to pay. Prices, \$3, \$4, \$5, \$10, \$25 and up. Our rings are all of solid gold set with precious and semi-precious gems of unusual beauty and cut.

But keep in mind our famous guarantee: If

at any time a stone comes out or is broken, we will replace it without any charge whatsoever.

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GETTING READY FOR THE PARTY

COMMON-SENSE BEAUTY TALKS

By ANNETTE BEACON

I CAN'T go, Harry—I simply can't go!" said young Mrs. Benton, gazing tragically into the mirror. "My head is aching till it seems it will burst open—and look at my eyes!—dark smudges underneath, and little lines at the temples, and my face is all drawn and haggard. I'm more disappointed than you, but I just can't meet these friends of yours for the first time, looking and feeling like this. You'll have to have your jolly dinner without me."

"But can't you take something or other, Polly, to fix you up—a headache powder, or—"

"A headache powder wouldn't fix up those eyes—not in a hundred years!" sighed Polly. "But I'll do my very best, dear—truly I will. I'll put on my little bonnet and go down to Madame Marie's Beauty Shop. A 'facial' does a lot for me, at ordinary times. It rests and relaxes me, and smooths away the lines, but it would have to be a most miraculous 'facial,' I'm afraid, to rid me of this headache and fix me up enough to be presentable."

Yet at seven o'clock, it was a very fetching little figure that greeted a waiting husband. Her eyes were bright and clear and rested, her skin smooth and firm and fresh, white where it should be white, and faintly flushed just where a natural healthy color should be, and the spring in her step and the gaiety of her smile testified eloquently that the headache had fled.

YOU'RE a wonder, Polly!" said her husband, fervently, standing still to gaze upon her. "How on earth do you do it?"

"I don't do it—Madame Marie does it! But let me tell you, dear, your little wife did a lot of noticing to-day, and the next time we have a

party coming off, and I wake up looking like a scarecrow, but with no time to run down-town to Madame for repairs, I'll venture I can do the deed myself."

And she could! And she did! Moreover, what she did other women can do, if they

wish to, for no matter how tired one may feel, how dragged and worn, nor what an unflattering picture the mirror may show forth, it is quite possible to freshen and brighten one's self up to the point where the tired lines will disappear, the lack-luster eyes take on a sparkle of their own, the mouth lose its drooping weary corners, and the drawn, haggard look be replaced by one of bright animation.

It takes time, of course; but if we are to be either guest or hostess, it is really a social obligation to

look our best. And, after all, parties, for most of us, do not come so close together that we may not afford the time to make ourselves fit into them attractively when they do come.

Looking pretty, like being a genius, may be said to consist of an infinite capacity for taking pains. When you have

an evening engagement, therefore, at which you want to look your best, do not spend the afternoon shopping, or sweeping the house from top to bottom. Let those things go over to another day; or, if shop or sweep you must, use the morning hours for such energetic occupation, and keep your afternoon free.

Early in the afternoon, get out your gown and all the accessories, and lay them in a neat orderly fashion on the bed in your room—every little thing, so, at the last minute, there will be no hurrying for a

[Continued on page 64]



FIG. 1—USING A PAD OF COTTON FOR A MEDICINE DROPPER



FIG. 2—IF YOU USE ROUGE, BE SPARING

WAYS OF SENDING CHRISTMAS MONEY

By GERTRUDE WARNER

DID you ever realize that a gift of money, which so often seems a mercenary remembrance, may, with a little ingenuity, be made to bear the personality of the giver? If the relative or friend who is planning a small gift of money, this season, will follow one or the other of the suggestions given below, a joyful surprise will result.

A book may be made consisting of four leaves, eight by ten inches, and bearing the printed title "The House that — Built." On the first page of the book make a house by laying on it a sheet of twenty two-cent stamps, five lengthwise and four high. These represent the bricks. From the center of the bottom row remove one stamp to leave space for a door-way. Also remove two stamps from the third row to leave window-space. Place a sheet of paraffin paper, the same size as the sheet of stamps, between the book-page and the glue-side of the stamps, and sew the whole to the page through the stamp-perforations. The window-sashes, door-panels, and curtains may be drawn with India ink, and the grounds and sky painted in to suit the individual fancy—but, of course, do not make any marks on the stamps themselves. Cut out a piece of gray-green paper for the roof, and just before it is pasted on, slip beneath it the edge of the chimney, which should consist of two stamps.

On the next page, make the garage. This, for contrast, should consist of a sheet of thirty one-cent stamps, six lengthwise and five high. From the center, remove six stamps, three lengthwise and two high, to represent the door. Sketch in with pen and ink an appropriate interior, and add a painted roof, sloping platform, and a driveway.

On the last two pages of the book cut slits and slip in picture post-cards of your city.

THE other method is far simpler and yet equally novel. The following jingle is written on a large white card:

I introduce my friend Bill Green.
A finer young gentleman never was seen.
If you need an apron or handkerchiefs new,
Or some woolen gloves when your hands are blue,
Just mention the fact to my friend Bill,
And he'll get the things with a right good-will.
Whatever you want, without a doubt,
He'll take off his coat to help you out.

On this same cardboard, paste the figure of a funny man, about eight inches long, and width in proportion or exaggerated. This figure is cut out of even stiffer cardboard, and is made ridiculous by having his features drawn in pen and ink, and his costume painted in water colors. The finishing touch is a dollar bill sewn around him for a coat.



Wonderful New Method, Easy for Anyone. Save Two-thirds on Everything You Wear. An Opportunity No Woman Can Afford to Lose

THROUGH a wonderful new method of teaching dressmaking, hundreds of women are learning at home in spare time to make all their own and their children's clothes. This new method is far in advance of anything ever before attempted. With the simple instructions and the wonderfully clear illustrations before you, picturing every step, you cannot fail to understand and learn quickly.

And the wonderful thing about this new method is that right from the start you begin making the things you need, so that the money you save on your clothes while learning more than pays the entire cost of your course.

Save 2/3 On Your Clothes

You learn in just a little while, under our instruction, to make stylish clothes for so little the cost will surprise you. A \$35 suit for only \$12, a \$20 gown for only \$6, a \$5 simple dress or waist or skirt for \$1.50, and children's clothes for a mere fraction of what they would otherwise cost. Or you can remodel last season's clothes and have stylish new garments at no expense whatever. Think what it would mean to you to actually have twice as many pretty garments of all kinds for now cost you. What a pleasure and satisfaction it would be! How many other things you could have with the money you would save!

Only a little of your spare time is necessary, just the minutes you can spare most conveniently, and by our new method this knowledge of dressmaking is yours, this ability to make everything you want for all the years to come.

Make Your Own Hats

We also have a wonderfully simple and practical course in millinery, just as easy to master, made just as clear by hundreds of fascinating

illustrations. So, if you wish, you can quickly learn to make and trim all your own hats and save three-fourths of what they now cost in a shop.

Earn \$25 to \$40 Weekly

Either of these courses also will prepare you to go into business for yourself. Some day you may be thrown on your own resources. Think what a feeling of independence it would give you to know that you could make money in enjoyable work should ever circumstances require. Here is a chance for your daughter to prepare right at home to earn good money in a pleasant, dignified profession. There are splendid opportunities in dressmaking and millinery. Hundreds are earning \$25 to \$40 a week.

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Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

GETTING READY FOR THE PARTY

[Continued from page 62]

pair of stockings, or the brooch which is to hold the chiffon folds of your V-necked gown. Then, conscious that dressing will take you not over half an hour, since everything is in readiness, prepare to give yourself a luxurious two or three hours.

Slip off all your clothing, don nightgown and kimono, and brush your hair thoroughly until it is satin-smooth and ready to be dressed. Then braid it and pin it off your neck. Next, place a little cold cream in the palm of one hand and use the fingers of the other to smear the entire face generously. Be careful to get into the creases at the side of the nose. Now wipe off firmly with a soft cloth, and repair to the bathroom for a nice, warm, restful, leisurely bath of fifteen minutes.

Let the water run all the time you stay in the tub, to keep it at an even temperature. You may, if you wish, add to your bath some perfumed water or aromatic bath-liquid with astringent qualities. As soon as you jump out, powder yourself all over with faintly-scented powder; then don nightgown and kimono again, and soft furry slippers, and sit down in a big lounging chair, with a bottle of boric acid in one hand and a small pad of cotton in the other. Saturate the cotton with the liquid, and, leaning the head back and opening the eyes, squeeze the cotton and let the liquid from it run into and wash out the eyes (Fig. 1). Do this two or three times. Then wipe the eyes dry with another pad of cotton; seat yourself in front of your dressing-table, and, dipping your fingers in the cold cream jar again, begin to massage around the eyes, starting with a forefinger each side of the bridge of the nose, and passing the fingers firmly beneath and around the eyes. Never press on the ball of the eye, but on the socket just above it. After doing this fifteen or twenty or even thirty times, press the forefinger firmly on each temple, and, without lifting it, move it in a circle over and over again. Both of these movements are resting and relaxing, and without any other aid will often freshen up a tired face.

You should not stop here, however; you may as well go on and massage your forehead, still using the forefinger of each hand, and rubbing from left to right across vertical lines, and up and down across horizontal lines. Next, go over the entire forehead and then the cheeks, using the forefingers, in small circles over and over again. First with an up-and-down

movement and then with the circular movement, massage close to and beneath the ears.

An excellent movement for your drooping, tired mouth is to place the forefingers at the point of the chin, and move them firmly up in an oval, going just outside the corners of the mouth and meeting just beneath the nose. Do this over and over again. Then, placing a finger at each corner of the mouth, press gently and move them to meet each other at the center of the upper lip. Do not massage back from the center of the lip to the corners, but lift the fingers at each meeting and begin at the corners again. Do the same with the lower lip. This is not only a good movement for the drooping mouth, but is excellent for the one which is too large or unduly spread.

Massage beneath the chin with the tips of the fingers of each hand, starting at the chin-point and massaging back toward the neck with a good deal of pressure. Then, placing the thumbs beneath the chin,



FIG. 3—FRESHENING UP TIRED EYES

side by side, with the tips touching the neck, and the palms of the hands on the cheeks, massage firmly up toward the temples. Lift the hands when the fingers reach up into the hair; place thumbs beneath chin again, and repeat.

To increase the circulation, tip the head a little to the left; hold the fingers of right hand together, and slap the flesh beneath the chin vigorously and repeatedly. Tilt the head to the right, and slap beneath the chin with the left hand. And, finally, slap the cheeks vigorously with flattened closed fingers, ten or fifteen times.

After this treatment, wash the face lightly with warm water, and dry, and with a little toilet water cleanse the roots of the hair next the face from any cold cream. The skin is now ready for an ice application.

In a bowl of ice-water at hand, dip a short soft towel, folded to about four inches in width; squeeze out, and placing the middle partly beneath the chin and

[Concluded on page 76]

THE SEVEN GIFTS

[Continued from page 17]

sort. The red scarf should be of some soft material that will readily pull to pieces. It can be lightly basted together in strips.

The Rich Man's dress, which must be very long, should be of orange and cream-color with the coat of light blue. He should wear showy jewelry and gilt necklaces. His cream-colored turban should have an orange edging and a big jeweled pin in front.

The Haughty Lady must have a long train and wear a large purple cloak lined with yellow. The decoration in her hair should be three long wires, wrapped, with tiny pompons at the ends.

The Humble Woman could wear any cheap, humble-looking dress; a white apron, a little shawl, and a dark hood that has slipped off her head will serve.

The Brave Man's dress should be of wide stripes and he should wear a high plume on his head.

The Strolling Player should wear an enormous cape which can be made of yellow and black stripes sewed together. The hat should have sweeping black feathers.

The Dear Child should wear a white apron with little conventional Christmas trees around the bottom. These may be cut from red and green cloth and tacked, not pasted, on.

Electricity is the most satisfactory lighting for this little spectacle, although gas could be used. Three lamps (40 or 60 watts tungsten) may be placed on each side, in the wing just back of the curtain line, and three on each side, in front of the proscenium arch. You may use your lights wherever you find they work out best for your particular setting, since your own ingenuity will probably bring you the most satisfactory results. The first rows of seats on the sides are so seldom satisfactory for guests that they may be used for lights, with screens to shield them from the audience. Three overhead lamps will be needed at the front of the stage and six at the back, to avoid shadows. These must be placed at such an angle as to cover the entire stage. For each lamp, there should be a cone-shaped reflector, with the inside painted white, or silvered, or aluminized. Your electric light company, if you have one, would very likely be willing to lend you something of this sort for the occasion, either free or at a slight expense; and, at a pinch, one of your own deft-fingered members could fashion them.

For the final tableau, the overhead lights should be turned off and the only light be from the front. As the Dear Child gazes at the star, the lights should be changed from the clear white which has burned steadily throughout the play,

[Continued on page 68]

HOLMES & EDWARDS Silverware

In all Holmes & Edwards patterns we make the staple pieces—tea, table and dessert spoons, and table and dessert forks—in two grades, one special heavy plate of highest quality, and the other with heavy pieces of solid silver inlaid, before plating, in the backs of bowls and handles where the constant wear comes.

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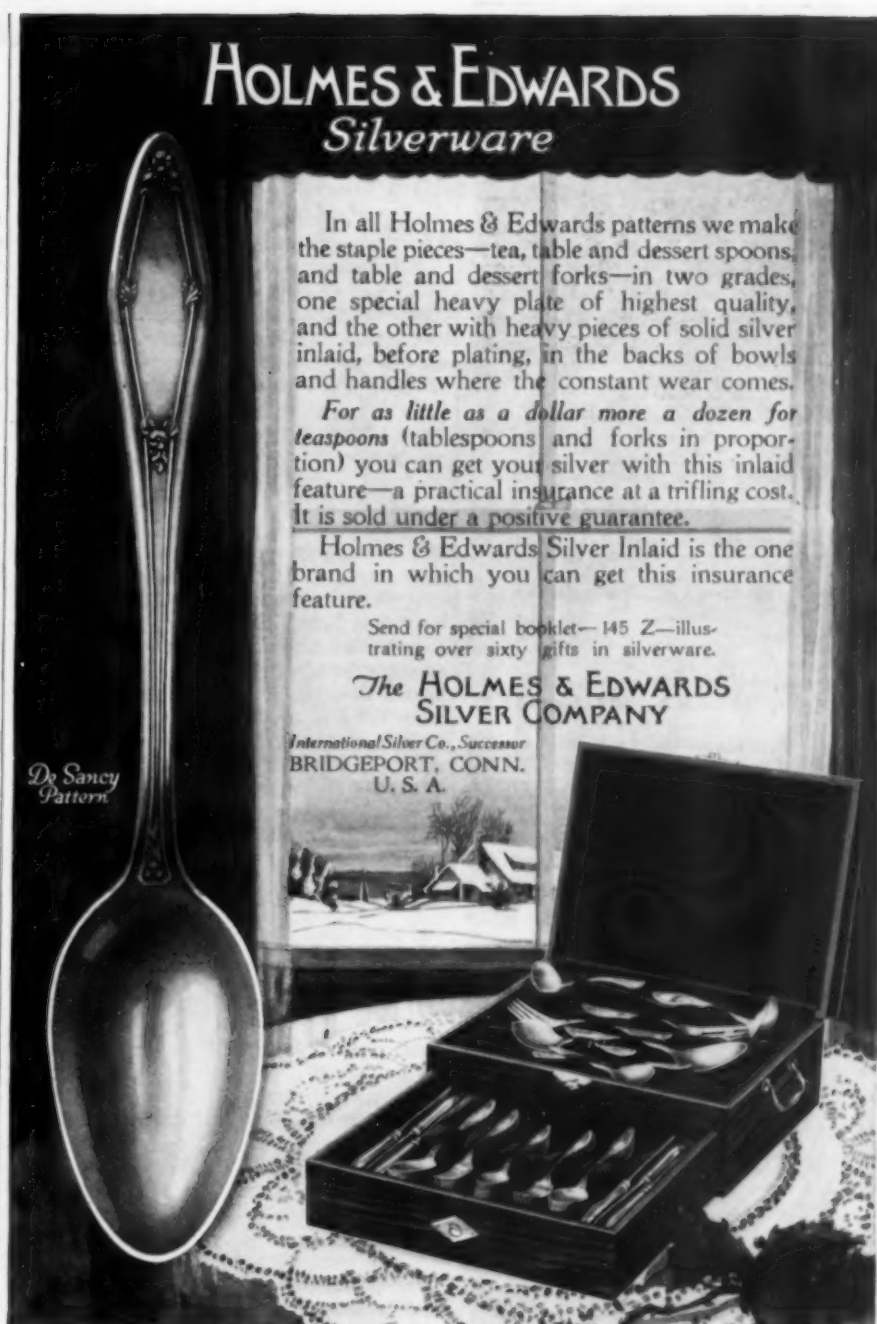
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DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak $\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 2 cups granulated sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cream of tartar together; add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine through syrup quickly and turn in a pan to cool, but do not scrape pan. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water until melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

KNOX

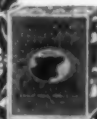
SPARKLING GELATINE

CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

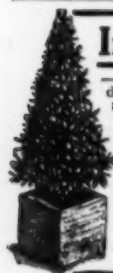
Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled, add to 1 part $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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Our RECIPE BOOK will be sent for your grocer's name.



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Imported Yule Tree

dainty novelty for dining or library table decoration. Tree is of green Ruscus, with red berries, in square Birch Bark pot. Stands 15 inches high, price \$1.15.

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SAVORY USES OF LEFT-OVERS

By CARRIE D. McCOMBER

EVERY housewife has made a study of the meat problem from the economical standpoint of how she may best make use of left-overs from yesterday's roast or steak. Ordinarily, she resorts to the proverbial hash or stew, but unless she is too orthodox, she keeps alert to just such new suggestions as the following, whereby she may learn of more savory uses of meat and vegetable combinations.

RAGOUT.—There is a particularly savory ragout that employs any cold roast-beef, but preferably pot-roast because it is brown and juicy. To prepare it, cut the cold meat into small pieces, roll them in flour, and brown them in drippings with a slice or two of onion chopped fine. If carrots are liked, cut them in big cubes and brown them, too. Turn in the gravy left from the first meal, add enough hot water to keep the meat from burning, and simmer very slowly until the meat is very tender. Then season to taste. Shreds of cold boiled ham or tongue, or of both, added to the meat before cooking do much for it. Some families appreciate the addition of a tablespoonful or two of vinegar. Others prefer a seasoning sauce, catsup or kitchen-bouquet.

VEAL PIE.—Cut the veal very fine and simmer until tender. Then cover the bottom of the baking-dish with a layer of the veal, lay on this minced ham or bacon, and turn over all a little tomato from a can. Pepper, salt, and dabs of butter top each such layer until the meat is all used. Gravy left from the first meal and hot water are turned in and the crust is put on. Whether this crust is a regulation biscuit-crust or pie-crust depends largely upon choice. But unless a cook is past-mistress of her art, she would better omit a bottom crust, since it is pretty sure to soak up the liquor and become soggy.

HOTCHPOTCH.—This dish was always due the day after a boiled mutton-dinner, and no one can recall proportions because the left-overs were never twice the same. But a pair of lamb's kidneys was always ordered with the mutton. The kidneys were parboiled two or three times, cold water being turned over them after each draining. When the kidneys were cool, they were cut into small pieces. The mutton was also cut fine, and the bottom of the baking-dish was strewn with it. Then came a layer of the kidneys, a layer of minced onion and sliced parboiled potatoes, seasoned with salt and pepper, another layer of meat, and so on. When all the meat had been used, a cupful of hot water was turned in and the dish covered and baked two hours in slow oven.

BRUNSWICK STEW.—Put a layer of minced salt pork into the pot, then a layer of cold roast veal cut into small pieces, and next a layer of chopped onions. Over the top turn sliced, parboiled potatoes and some corn from a can or a cob. Season with salt and cayenne pepper; add boiling water, cover, and simmer very slowly for about an hour. At the end of that time, turn in the contents of a small can of tomatoes, and cook for half an hour longer. Before serving, thicken with butter rolled in flour.

SALMON LOAF.—Add to one can of salmon two eggs, well beaten, one tablespoonful of melted butter, seven soda-crackers ground fine, one lemon, juice and grated peel, and salt to taste. Bake in a loaf, and serve with mayonnaise or tartar sauce. The tartar sauce is mayonnaise mixed with minced olives and pickles.

CHICKEN TIMBALES.—Mix two cupfuls of chopped chicken, one cupful of milk, one cupful of bread-crumbs, two beaten eggs, celery-salt, lemon-juice, onion-juice, and parsley to taste. Pack into buttered cups, and cook, covered, in a pan of hot water for fifteen minutes. Turn out and garnish with celery tops or parsley.

ESCALLOPED CORN.—Mix one can of corn, two cupfuls of milk, five rolled crackers, one tablespoonful of butter, and salt and pepper to taste. Bake in a dish suitable for the table, covering the top with buttered crumbs.

NEW YORK MOCK TURTLE.—Turn a cupful of cold baked beans (cooked without molasses), a cupful of cold water, a cupful of canned tomatoes, half an onion, two stalks of celery (or celery-salt), and a bit of bay-leaf into a saucepan, and simmer slowly for half an hour, until the beans can be easily mashed. Strain through a sieve, pushing the pulp through; add hot water, season with salt and pepper, and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour in which an equal quantity of butter has been rolled.

MEAT STEWS.—Left-over scraps from veal or beef may often be utilized advantageously for veal- or beef-stew in the following manner: Whatever left-over meat is at hand—beef or veal—cut up into rather small pieces. Place these pieces in a stew-pan, and cover with about two quarts of water. When the meat has simmered, add potatoes or any other vegetable desired, and cook until tender. When done, take up the meat on a platter, heap the vegetables around it in mound fashion, and garnish with sprigs of parsley or small pickles.

A HOLIDAY BREAKFAST SET

By ETHEL E. GATES

AMONG the novel Christmas-present suggestions for gifts this season is a linen breakfast set consisting of six napkins, six plate-doilies, six bread-and-butter doilies, and six tumbler-doilies. The set has a crocheted edge and may be made for the approximate cost of one dollar.

Plain or barred linen about twenty-four inches wide is the most satisfactory material to work with, and two yards will be sufficient to make the set. Two or three balls of cotton will be necessary, the number depending entirely on how loosely or tightly the crocheter works.

The plate-doilies are nine inches in diameter, the bread-and-butter-doilies six, and the tumbler-doilies four. All are turned

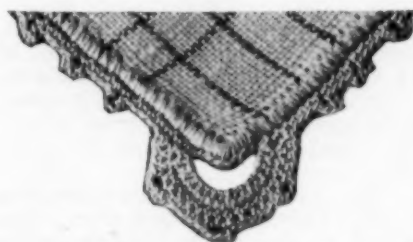
First row.—Sc around entire edge.

Second row.—Sc 3 in ch of first row*; ch 5; catch in next chain of first row; sc 3; ch 5; sc 3; ch 5; sc 3; ch 8. For the scallop, ch 10; catch in 7 ch of first row; sc over this loop; sc back, catching in ch of first row; sc over top again and then back with 3 sc. Ch 5; catch in next stitch; sc 5; ch 5; catch; sc 5; ch 5; catch and sc to base of scallop; sc in ch of first row and repeat from star until edge is completed.

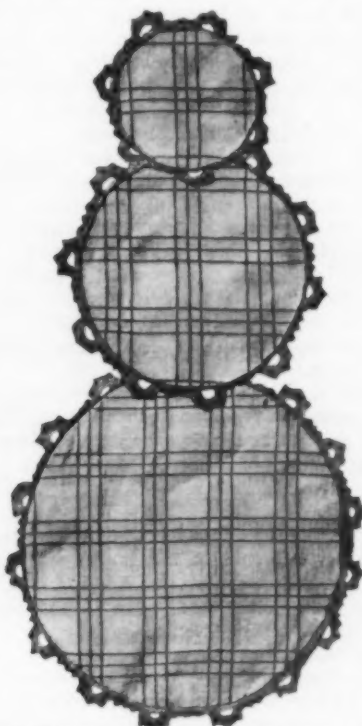
All the edges are made in this way. As everyone crochets a little differently, however, in regard to the looseness or tightness of the work, it is well, as the first two scallops are made, to proportion the edge



NAPKIN WITH CROCHETED EDGE



DETAIL OF CROCHETED EDGE



BREAKFAST DOILIES IN THREE SIZES

in one-quarter of an inch, and stitched one-eighth of an inch from the edge, on the machine. This is very necessary as the linen is loosely woven and will pull out unless this preliminary step be taken. Even fine linen demands this precaution.

The crocheted edge is done in the simplest single crochet and chain-stitch. The edge, which is made with ecru cotton, matching the cream tone of the linen, is very substantial looking, in appearance much like Venetian crochet. The following directions should be used for making the edging:

Explanation of Terms.—Single crochet (sc); chain (ch).

so that it will accommodate a certain number of scallops.

The napkins are made by cutting a yard of the material through the center, then dividing each side into three squares. A thread should be drawn so that perfect squares are formed. Fold a hem, less than one-eighth of an inch in width. Draw a thread above the hem and stitch on the machine. Sc over the hem in the space of the drawn thread. Then sc 4; ch 5; sc 4; and repeat around edge, excepting in the center of each side and each corner, where a scallop is made exactly as described above. The napkins alone of this set would make a very welcome present.

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Send today. If not pleased, your money refunded. COLLINGSBORN MILLS, Dept. 2434 ELGIN, ILLINOIS

THE SEVEN GIFTS

[Continued from page 65]

to red, then to green, blue, and back to white again. This change can be made by passing gelatine mediums—square pieces of gelatine which come in various colors and are fastened in a frame—in front of the lamps still burning. One color over another may be needed to get the desired shade.

At the first two rehearsals, the coach, seated in the audience, should read off the story of the pantomime. As she describes the action, the various actors should go through their parts, just roughly. It is best not to stop to try things over, but to go through the play from beginning to end.

The Seven Gifts should be like a cemented mosaic, a perfect whole, not odd pieces, however beautiful in themselves. Each rehearsal should begin with a quick running over of the entire play, to get it as a whole. Then, any one episode can be gone through separately and stopped for correction as often as necessary.

It is best to suggest to the cast that they think out each speech carefully, then suit the gestures to it. The action of the fantasy must not be hurried. Each gesture should be given sufficient time to "get across" to the audience, and to "register" with them. On the other hand, there should be no dragging, no waits, no delays. Like a moving-picture, it must run along smoothly.

Fifteen rehearsals are usually required, the attendants coming only for the last six. At first, the fantasy will move slowly, but gradually it will go faster, till the last four rehearsals should take only forty or forty-five minutes. Jack-in-the-Box's dance, and his game with the Brave Man will require special practise. So will, also, the interlude, which must be practised by itself, and timed, till it goes well in eight or ten minutes.

Most valuable and important of all, there is a real, living story connected with the fantasy. It starts out with the Wanderer, who with his pack comes from among the spectators, sees the stage, the drawn curtains, and the waiting audience. He wonders what all this is for. He starts to investigate, when out steps the Prologue and tells him it is a play, for him and for all the guests. The Prologue claps his hands three times, steps to one side, and shows the first placard, announcing the name of the fantasy. After this, the Prologue and the Wanderer show the placards, both watching the play and joining in the applause.

Enter the Majordomo, announcing the Queen and her attendants—two little princesses, two big and two little heralds, and three bearers. The Queen greets the audience as her guests and seats herself on the throne. The bearers bring in two

great wreaths of evergreen, with red ribbon on them, which they hang on either side of the stage. Then they carry in the black box, and out hops Jack-in-the-Box who gives the Queen his gift, a bunch of flowers, and dances, playing with his ball.

Then come the Lowly Man and his Son, almost blinded by the lights of the court. Awkwardly they present their gift, a poor, scraggly, little tree, which the Queen accepts graciously, though it causes great laughter among the courtiers. Surprised and deeply hurt, the Lowly Man looks about to see why his gift meets such a reception, discovers the red ribbons on the wreaths, takes the warm red scarf from his neck, tears it into shreds, and with the Son's help trims the tree. The Queen motions to the Majordomo to bring her a bag of gold, which she gives to the Lowly Man. This episode shows that a poor gift, given freely, is not bettered by imitation.

The Rich Man enters next, with his two retainers carrying the jewel-box and the cake, which he cuts ceremoniously with his sword. The Queen suggests that the cake be passed to all those present, but the servant merely shows it to them. The Rich Man gives the Queen a ring from his finger, unlocks the casket, and is presenting jewels and fabrics when a bubble blows by and attracts her attention.

The servant is ordered to get it, but it is out of reach. The Rich Man stamps his foot, ordering it to come to him; he offers it the cake, jewels, fabrics; and draws his sword to kill the servant, when the Queen interposes, gesturing would he take a man's life for a mere bubble? The Rich Man offers the courtiers a bag of gold if one of them can get it, and in the confusion the bubble breaks and is gone. (This episode shows that great wealth cannot make gifts valued, if the right spirit is lacking.)

Then, with two servants, comes the Haughty Lady, bearing three irises. She bows to the Queen very haughtily and is shown a seat next the Lowly Man; but with such folk she will not associate, and she crosses the stage to another place. Everyone stares at her till she remembers her gift, puts one iris on a pillow, and sends a servant to give it to the Queen.

The Humble Woman comes with a bird, which sings for the Queen. (If there is not some one who can give a bird song off the stage, use a water-whistle, or part of "The Mocking-bird" record on the phonograph.) A bearer brings a cage, but the Humble Woman gestures that her bird shall never be caged and sets it free, tossing it up and out into the wings. Then, realizing that she has done a terrible thing in freeing the Queen's bird, she falls on

[Continued on page 71]



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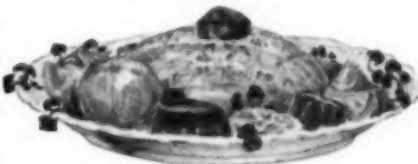
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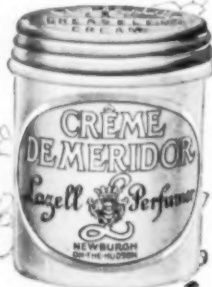
Send **10 cents** for miniature Cloth-of-Gold Box of Face Powder—snap-button clasp—with powder, puff and mirror; or send **35 cents** for Cloth-of-Gold Beauty Box containing Cloth-of-Gold Perfume (any odor), face powder, miniature jar of greaseless cream and cake of soap. Mention your dealer's name.

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THE ETIQUETTE OF GIVING

WHAT PRISCILLA LEARNED AT BOARDING-SCHOOL

By MARY MARSHALL DUFFEE



THREE weeks before Christmas found the girls at Miss Standish's school in a whirl of preparation for the holiday. It seemed perfectly natural, therefore, that Miss Osborn should choose for her last etiquette lesson of the season the subject of Christmas-giving.

"How many of you girls have problems of your own that have been troubling you concerning appropriate gifts?" she began, as the girls opened their note-books.

Vivian Stone, the engaged girl of the class, was ready with a question that brought a smile from Miss Osborn and a few suppressed giggles from the girls.

"Will you please tell me what sort of present a girl may give a man?" she asked.

"A most sensible question," commented Miss Osborn, "for I am sure most of you girls have some boy friends on your Christmas lists. In the first place, unless you are engaged, it is not at all good form to give men presents of much intrinsic value. A package of home-made sweets attractively packed in a basket or box of your own construction is suitable, especially to the boy at college or school. Books of the right sort are a good selection. A desk accessory of small value is permissible and so is a small calendar. But on no condition should a girl ever give her men acquaintances any wearing-apparel—no, not even hand-knit neckties. For the girl who is soon to be married, though it is not, strictly speaking, in the best form, there would be no harm in giving a hand-embroidered handkerchief, and, of course, between engaged persons the exchange of jewelry is permissible.

"Strictly speaking, a man's gifts to a girl ought to be confined to books, flowers, candy, and pictures, with the addition of jewelry, when there is an engagement. If they are soon to be married, it is permissible to give some article of household decoration or furniture, but even in case of an engagement, articles of apparel are strictly forbidden.

"When a man breaks away from this rule of Christmas-giving, it is usually due

to ignorance of the rules of etiquette rather than to any intention to offend, and when a gift of this sort is received, it may, in courtesy, be accepted. Wearing-apparel, however, of any sort, or jewelry from a man to whom a girl is not engaged, ought most emphatically to be returned with a frank explanation, either written or oral. The girl who always sticks to this rule in her friendships with men will be saved a deal of embarrassment."

As Miss Osborn paused for a moment, Priscilla Blair voiced a problem that all the other girls were equally anxious to have solved.

"Often I feel a trifle uncertain," she remarked, "about sending a personal engraved card with a gift. Won't you please give us a few simple rules to guide us in sending Christmas presents?"

GLADLY," Miss Osborn replied. "That is a matter that all of us should consider, and yet one that not all people give heed to. In the first place, Christmas gifts should be done up neatly with an outside wrapping after having been placed in a box and carefully wrapped with an inside covering of tissue paper. Enclosed with each gift should be a card. If a calling-card is used, it is customary to cross off the name with one or two strokes of a pen and use the reverse side for the inscription, which is usually something like this: 'With a merry Christmas for Jane from Martha,' or 'With the season's greetings from Mary Dean.' Never use the prefix *Mrs.*, *Miss* or *Mr.* before the name of the person sending the gift. Even to mere acquaintances it should be 'Mary Smith,' not 'Miss Mary Smith,' and 'Julia Gray,' not 'Mrs. E. C. Gray.'

"If presents are sent from the shop where they are bought, make sure that the price-mark and sales-slip are not enclosed. Also leave one of your cards or a blank card properly inscribed to go with the gift.

"When individual Christmas cards are sent, as is so frequently done now, no

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THE SEVEN GIFTS

[Continued from page 68]

her knees; but the Queen, understanding, kisses her on both cheeks, gesturing, "You gave the bird his freedom, the bird gave me his song!" The Haughty Lady, chastened, begs the Queen's permission to give the remaining irises to the Lowly Man and his Son, and sits between them.

Now comes the Brave Man, with his gift of a tiger-skin. He will show the Queen how it was obtained. His attendants bring in three little potted trees, to represent the jungle. Who will impersonate the tiger? Up pops Jack-in-the-Box. He is handed the skin, and slips it on.

The Brave Man takes off his sword, lies down in the jungle, and falls asleep. The tiger creeps up, tickles his face and neck, and sits near the sword. The Man, finally wakening, wheedles the beast away from that spot, gets his weapon, and lunges at his prey, who keeps always just out of reach. The contest continues till the Brave Man is utterly tired out, and he sits down dejected, when his hand happens to touch the salt-cellar at his belt. He puts salt on the beast's tail, the curious tiger tastes it and falls down dead. Cautiously, the Brave Man makes sure that the tiger is dead by plunging his sword into him; then he bows to acknowledge the applause of the court, when Jack-in-the-Box hops up, slips under his arm, and takes the praise for his own! This episode is pure burlesque, and must be made very funny. The music for it is to be played at high speed.

The Strolling Player enters, greets the Queen, and suggests as his gift, an interlude. Will the Queen be gracious enough to move her seat? He offers his arm, but Jack-in-the-Box steps in, takes her hand, and escorts her to a seat at the side, he sitting at her feet. The guests and attendants move to left and right, leaving the center of the stage clear.

The Strolling Player claps his hands, the bearers bring in a folding screen, with a black and white design (which makes the best background), and his actors give the interlude. This episode is introduced for sheer beauty. For the interlude something that has already been given, or an incident dramatized, may serve. It should last at the longest ten minutes. A little dance in it is extremely attractive. Or, the entire interlude might be a dance—a minuet, or some folk dance—or a dancing-game. It can be given by any number of children or grown-people, depending on the space available.

Last of all comes the Dear Child with her doll. This incident must bring out clearly the value of simplicity and sincerity in giving. The Child looks wonderingly around the court, not knowing which is the Queen. She picks out the Haughty Lady, who graciously shows her the real

[Concluded on page 79]



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THE ETIQUETTE OF GIVING

[Continued from page 70].

acknowledgment of them is necessary. They are sent usually with the name of the sender engraved on the card. If not made in this way, the calling-card should be enclosed, on which no inscription is necessary, and on which the prefix *Mrs.* or *Miss* need not be crossed off."

Here Irene Lockwood interrupted, "Sometimes," she said, "a gift is given you by some one whom you didn't remember in your list. In such a case, is it necessary to return the compliment?"

"It is bad form always to send a New Year's present simply because you have received a Christmas present from some one from whom you did not expect it," answered Miss Osborn. "A prompt and appreciative note is all that is necessary.

IN regard to the choice of gifts," she continued, "it is never courteous to send money even to members of your own family or to those who you know are in need of it, without a note of explanation. This should be in the form of an apology for not having taken time to shop for a suitable present, together with a request that the recipient spend the money for the thing he or she most desires. It is an unchangeable etiquette-rule in giving that money should never be sent except to members of your immediate family, to employees, or to very intimate friends."

"Then it is perfectly proper to receive a gift of money from one's employer?" questioned Priscilla, the least bit doubtfully.

Miss Osborn smiled.

"A young woman may always receive such a gift from her employer, provided, of course, it is not larger than the other employees are receiving. In fact," pursued Miss Osborn, "it is in better form for an employer to give money than personal presents to his women employees at Christmas. The money should simply be an additional amount in the preceding pay-envelope or salary check. Certain oversensitive young women are inclined to feel that they ought not to accept this kind of gift. But their misgivings are unfounded.

"In giving presents to children not in your own family, it is always kinder to consult the parents before making your choice. It is the privilege of parents to pass on any toy or other present before allowing their children to accept it. In general, never give candy, sweets, or any noise-making presents to children."

"Should one give presents to the servants in the house where one is visiting?" asked Vivian Stone.

"Always," replied Miss Osborn, "it is usual to give the servants of the house some useful present or a little money on

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How to Dress in Style For Less Money

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236 to 246 West 37th St., New York City, N. Y.

[Concluded on page 75]

PRESERVING WINTER FRUITS

By OUR CONTRIBUTORS

GRAPE FRUIT MARMALADE.—Take one large orange, one large grapefruit, and one large lemon. Slice them as thin as possible, and add three times as much water as the quantity of fruit and juice. Let this remain for twenty-four hours, then cook it for twenty minutes. Add half as much sugar as there is fruit, and cook to the jellying point. Fill jelly glasses with the marmalade, and after it cools, pour a thin layer of paraffine over the top of each glassful of the jelly.—W. W., Little Rock, Arkansas.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Take equal weights of sugar and oranges. Grate the oranges, pour boiling water on the grating, and leave this to stand until it is wanted. Cut and squeeze the oranges; put the seeds in a bowl, and pour boiling water over them for jelly; put the rinds in warm water which has first been set over a fire, and boil them until they are soft, changing the water whenever it becomes bitter. When the rinds are soft, scrape them out with a teaspoon, pound the pulp in a mortar, and cut the rinds fine. Put all of the ingredients—sugar, juice, jelly-water from seeds, pulp, rind—in a kettle and boil them together. When this is nearly done grate into it some dry rind, which gives the marmalade a delicious flavor.—X. Y., Beaufort, S. C.

CRYSTAL GRAPEFRUIT RIND.—Cut the rinds of the grapefruit in strips and put them in cold water in which one-half a teaspoonful of soda has been dissolved, and bring this to a boil. Then drain and wash the rinds. Boil in clear water for twenty minutes, drain again, and boil again for twenty minutes longer. Boil two cupfuls of sugar mixed with one-half a cupful of water in a shallow pan, add the rinds to the liquid and cook as dry as possible. When they are thoroughly cooked, roll them in sugar on brown paper, and let them stand until they are quite cold and crisp.—D. S., Horseheads, New York.

OUR DECEMBER COVER FOR FRAMING

HERE is just the picture you want for the nursery wall. It will delight the little folks and keep the Santa Claus spirit fresh in your minds, too.

We have prepared for framing a limited supply of this attractive illustration in the same colors as on our December cover, and we shall be glad to fill your order if you will send in at once your name, address and remittance of five cents.

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WORDS AND HOW TO USE THEM

A MONTHLY DEPARTMENT IN CORRECT ENGLISH

By EMMA M. BOLENIUS, Author of "The Teaching of Oral English," "Teaching Literature," etc.

THREE of the most abused little words in the English language are *but*, *not*, and *to*. The spelling of *two*, *too* and *to*, together with *their* and *there*, still lingers with us as spelling-bugbears of our childhood. But it is also in another capacity that *to* is troublesome—that of the split infinitive. One of the distinctions of careful writing is not to separate the sign *to* from the rest of the infinitive, by placing between the two words a third that acts as modifier; as, "He offered to gradually pay his tuition," or "He wanted to emphatically state his point." These sentences should be "He offered to pay his tuition gradually" and "He wanted to state his point emphatically."

But and *not* are two dangerous little offenders because they often lead people to say the opposite of what they intend to say. The word *but* should be omitted in such sentences as "There is no doubt but that he will be there" (for "There is no doubt that he will be there"), "I cannot doubt but that it is true" (for "I cannot doubt that it is true"). Do not use *but* that or *but* what after the word *doubt*. *But* is often wrongly used for other conjunctions; as, *if* and *than*. "I should not wonder but Mary went" should be "I should not wonder if Mary went." "No other course of action but this was possible" should be "No other course of action than this was possible." *But* is also wrongly used at times for *though* and *that*; as, "That is a most ridiculous theory, but often stated" (instead of the correct form, "That is a most ridiculous theory, though often stated"), and "There is no doubt but he will come" (instead of the correct "There is no doubt that he will come").

The double negative is formed by combining the word *not* with *but* or with one of the negative pronouns, as *nobody*, *no one*, etc. The statement becomes the opposite of what is intended; as, "It won't take but a minute" for "It will take but a minute." "He doesn't know nothing about it" for "He doesn't know anything about it," or "She hasn't seen nobody" for "She hasn't seen anybody."

Sometimes *not* is used in a way that is unnecessary—often, therefore, called the "intrusive *not*," as, "I came to see if I could not get a ticket" for "I came to see if I could get a ticket."

In speaking of words that are abused, we must mention the word *funny*. It is

wrongly used for *peculiar*, or *odd*, in such sentences as "Isn't it funny that she didn't come?" or "He is a funny old fellow and takes offense at anything you do for him." The word *funny* should be used in connection with people, occasions, or things that have some mirth, humor, or fun in them; it should not be used to denote an oddity of some sort.

To any one who is interested, Miss Bolenius will be glad to send by mail full directions for making and playing a Game of Verbs. Questions concerned with problems of speech and the correct usage of words will also be answered, if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

It is sometimes confusing to know when to use an adjective, and when an adverb, after verbs like *become*, *look*, *taste*, *feel*, *seem*, *smell*,

appear, etc. The rule is to use an adjective to denote a quality of the subject, as "She looks pretty," "This tastes bitter," "She feels weak," "It seems small," "The rose smells sweet," "The clouds appear black," etc. An adverb is used when the manner of the act is to be brought out. Anything without bodily power to look, taste, smell, and feel (the senses) can not be used in this way with an adverb. It is impossible for food to "taste badly" because it has not the power to taste. Let me illustrate this distinction further. We can say, "The boy looks eager," meaning "The boy is eager;" or we can say, "The boy looks eagerly at his employer," referring to his manner of looking. Whenever you can substitute the word *is* (or some form of the verb *to be*) for these verbs mentioned above, you may rest assured that the adjective form is the preference.

THE verbs *lie* and *lay* are confusing only because the form *lay* is found in each verb. I can show you exactly where these two verbs overlap. *Lie*, meaning "to recline," is conjugated as follows:

Present tense Lie
Past tense Lay
Present perfect tense Have lain

On the other hand, *lay*, meaning "to place, to put, or to make to recline," is conjugated:

Present tense Lay
Past tense Laid
Present perfect tense Have laid

It is correct to say, "I lie down for a while each day" (not "I lay down for a while each day,"), "I lay down yesterday" (not "I laid down yesterday"), "He has lain on the couch all morning" (not "He has laid on the couch"). The form *laid* must not be used at all in connection with the word *lie*. The form *lay* may be used only in the past tense.



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for the \$100.00 you so generously sent us," writes Mrs. C. L. Richardson of the Bethany M. E. Church, Cape Charles, Va., shown above.

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AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

THE ETIQUETTE OF GIVING

[Continued from page 72]

Christmas day, but this should not be done without mentioning it to your hostess. The money should be enclosed with your card in an envelope, or the present should be neatly wrapped and given to the hostess with the request that it be included in the servants' gifts.

"As for your friends, make a point of remembering what they have given you. It is very courteous to mention the gifts later, when occasion arises, to show that they have been appreciated. However, this should never be done when it would appear insincere or affected.

"Remember, too, that your thanks for a Christmas gift should always be sent within ten days, unless some unavoidable obstacle prevents. This acknowledgment should be written on your regular note-paper or on a correspondence-card, but never on a postal or on business stationery. I shall be glad to give you some detailed rules for 'thank-you' notes if you will come to me after class.

"And there is one other thing," said Miss Osborn, as the bell sounded in the corridor for the close of the class, "that I do wish you would remember in connection with Christmas-giving, and that is that the Christmas spirit, one of the most beautiful things in life, is conveyed in the thought rather than in the value of the things you give. If you have little money, never attempt to make the gifts you buy equal in value to the gifts that you receive. Remember that the love and good-will that Christmas gifts carry with them cannot be measured in words or in terms of dollars."

Editor's Note.—Mrs. Duffee will be glad to send you the suggestions for notes of acknowledgment and appreciation that Priscilla received in this girls' finishing-school if you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your inquiry. She also stands ready to help you out of any dilemma about the practices of good form.

A SNOWY-DAY HINT

By ZILLAH

A VERY satisfactory way of keeping the children amused on snowy days is to set them to work making "jumble jars." An old jar, a few cents' worth of putty, and a package of gold-leaf are all that is necessary. Take the receptacle and cover it with the putty about one-half inch in thickness. To this stick the odds and ends which the child treasures, press them in firmly, and when the whole surface is covered, and the putty fairly hard, gild all over. The jar is not only ornamental, and the work of the child, but a history of many happy hours, a record of wayside days.



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Ask about the KRYPTOK Christmas Certificate

If you have a relative or friend who needs KRYPTOKS, go to your oculist, optometrist or optician, and ask about the KRYPTOK Christmas Certificate. It will make an ideal Christmas Gift.

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GETTING READY FOR THE PARTY

[Continued from page 64]

partly upon it, bring the two halves around the nose and up over the eyes and forehead. Pat down close to the face, and, leaning the head back, rest for a minute or two. Remove the towel, and repeat. Continue this for five minutes.

When the ice-bath is completed, reach for your bottle of boric acid or witch hazel, and the pretty bag of cotton pads which hangs on your dresser, and, lying comfortably down on the guest-room bed (your own is ready for your evening toilet) with a blanket over you, and a soft pillow beneath your head, take two pads of cotton, saturated with either boric acid or witch hazel, and place one over each eye, patting them down firmly (Fig. 3).

And, then, go to sleep!

When you awake, dress your hair in just the most becoming way you can. Then, rub a little cream into the face very lightly, and wipe off firmly with a soft cloth.

Now get out that guilty-looking tiny box of rouge paste, and, putting in the tip of your finger ever so lightly, touch the finger-tip once to the cheekbone about half an inch from the nose, once just beneath the outside corner of the eye, and

once lower on the cheek to make the third dot of the triangle (Fig. 2). Then, with two finger-tips held flat together, rub these three finger prints into one, not forgetting to let a tiny bit of the red extend up low on the temples. If your finger-tip has been sufficiently delicate in dipping into the rouge box—as it should have been—your cheeks will be just delicately pink. Don't rub the rouge low down on the cheek, not lower than the dot of the triangle. The under layer of cold cream protects the skin from any injury from rouge or powder, and enables you to wash them off easily at night, as you should.

Now, powder over the rouge, and the result will be a faint and natural glow.

Editor's Note.—If you find other tired lines or wrinkles in your face or neck than those described and want directions for smoothing them out, write Miss Beacon, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, for complete massage directions. She will also be glad to lend any other aid to the woman who wishes to improve her health. Don't hesitate to write her at any time.

THE OUTSIDERS

[Continued from page 14]

The wind shrieked still louder; the icy snow whirled through the darkness and beat upon their faces. Almost aimlessly, the horse plodded on. Instinctively, Miss Betty and the big doctor crept closer to each other. "I shouldn't have brought you, Miss Betty," the big doctor mumbled thickly.

"Before, I did not want to die," began Miss Betty in a perfectly cheerful voice, "until I had compiled an algebra text-book for the college, but, right now, if we are going to have anything happen so that we can't get back, I don't seem to mind not having done it the least bit. It seems much better to have some one die with me. You see, Doctor Wyeth, I've been an outsider in everything I did, all my life, and I've been afraid that I would have to die an outsider, too—just alone except for a hired nurse and doctor. But now—"

The big doctor's hand closed comfortingly over Miss Betty's slim, gauntleted one as she trailed on in the most cheerful tone he had ever known her to use. Quickly, he contrasted it with the tones he had always known as hers—the precise, class-room tone, the sympathetic, missionary one, and the brisk, business one. Yes, Miss Betty had always used just those three modes of speaking; the new one was quite foreign to even the girl Miss Betty had been years before at the Baptist College.

Somehow now, her voice failed to rouse him out of his reverie. A pale, plain, somber-clad figure she had been, even then; always seemingly interested in her work alone. Yes, Miss Betty had spoken the truth. For all the time during her life had she been an outsider.

AND then a light, a tiny, dim one, almost an imitation of one, flickered through the trees. With a relieved expression, he watched it grow larger and larger as they moved on. "I think it is the superintendent's house, Miss Betty," he said. "Yes, I am sure it is. We'll probably be there in time, after all."

But they were late—quite late, in fact, the young superintendent informed them. "In this race, the stork won," he laughed as the doctor and Miss Betty entered the cozy living-room, "and we have a fine baby son. But I'm glad you brought the lady along, Doctor. The nurse, too, was caught somewhere in the storm, and my wife felt that she wanted some one of her own kind to dress the baby."

It was the young father who lifted the wee, blanket-wrapped baby from beside its young mother and put it into Miss Betty's trembling arms. And as he handed her the tiny garments, he watched her and boyishly commented on her labor. "I tell you

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THE OUTSIDERS

[Continued from page 76]

what," he drawled musically, "you don't know how glad we are to have you here. We didn't dream we'd be so lucky as to have some one like you—one of our own people, you know."

Then little Miss Betty glowed and grew radiant. This young father had called her one of his and his wife's kind. No longer would she think of herself as an outsider.

Big Doctor Wyeth entered the room in time to see Miss Betty's blossoming. Certainly, no one could call her plain now—this radiant woman. In the storm, too, she had comforted him, and away back in his office she had hungered and reached out her hands in protest against being an outsider. And now—why back in town his big office loomed up so bare and lonely, and that rusty, old stove so repelling and—

THE young father proudly carried the baby into the other room, where he lingered beside the girlish mother. Miss Betty looked up tremulously from the little garments she was folding. "I believe I can go back and compile my algebra now," she said smilingly.

The big doctor's hand closed over hers. "After all, Betty," he spoke eagerly, "anybody can write algebras. You, yourself, said so. But I'm just as tired of being an outsider as you are—an outsider to a home, and love, and happiness, and children. And to-night I know that no one can make me anything else but an outsider except you. Now, Betty, dear, what do you think?"

Little Miss Betty lowered her eyes and the big Doctor heard her low, muffled answer. "I didn't think anyone could buy so much happiness with a common silver dollar."

Laughingly, the big Doctor put both arms around little Miss Betty, "Well, neither did I," he drawled contentedly, "Well, neither did I."

THE OLD STORY

[Continued from page 10]

"I understand," smiled dear Aunt Nancy. "I just came over to keep the little creatures company until you came back—yes, my dear, of course I knew you would come back."

Elizabeth's soft cheeks reddened.

"Ned, lean that tree against something and come and kiss Aunt Nancy with me. Quick! She had faith in us—right in the middle of our unnaturalness!"

The two of them mobbed the sweet old lady until their kisses reddened Aunt Nancy's cheeks.

"Now," cried Elizabeth, "now the babies, Ned! Merry Christmas—Merry Christmas!"

"Swift's Premium" Calendar for 1917

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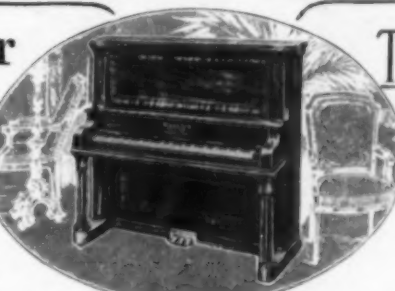
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KEEPING HOUSE BACKWARD

By CORINNE UPDEGRAFF WELLS

UNTIL my first visit to Cousin Clair, I had only the average woman's respect for the admonition that teaches the wisdom of never putting off until to-morrow what can be done to-day. Until that visit, I had merely skimmed the cream from that bowl of philosophy that Cousin Clair, whom everybody in the family jealously declared was too clever to be human, had drained to the dregs. During that week's sojourn, I learned much from this woman who had so triumphantly led her brood of five children across the threshold of life and who, for twenty years, had cooked and sewed, swept and garnished, nursed, fondled and spanked, not according to Hoyle, as it were, but according to her own original ideas which erased housework from the lists of drudgery and placed it among the arts.

How this resourceful relative had accomplished her work without help other than that given by her children and a washwoman, and without losing her smile and her figure, was an unanswered family question. Nobody ever quite understood how she did it. Nobody ever quite believed she did do it—as it should be done. The smile, the figure, the apparently happy and well-cared-for brood were evidences in her favor—but how about the papers on the pantry shelves? Was the cellar clean and sweet? Were the stockings darned? Was her family fed from tins; was her cooking done with a can-opener? The same questions were whispered behind neighboring lace curtains when Cousin Clair, dainty enough for a matinee, passed at nine-fifteen A. M. on her way to market, to the library with an arm full of books, or to the near-by city on a shopping expedition.

It was with something of the emotion of a detective about to solve a mystery, that I arrived at Cousin Clair's home late

the night my visit began. My room, to which I was shown immediately, was fresh and tidy, and extended that vital, human welcome some rooms reflect so wonderfully. I felt that I had stepped into the throbbing heart of the household. I blush to confess that my first impulse after removing my wraps was to peer under the bed and dresser for evidence of clandestine dust, but because of the welcoming kisses still warm on my lips, I decided to await the revealing morning light. The only thing the morning light revealed, however, was a room in perfect order with Cousin Clair looking in upon me. Her tender

face was still flushed from slumber and she was wrapped in a kimono the color of sunrise.

"Breakfast will be ready in twenty-five minutes," she whispered and tripped down the hall, knocking at each door and peeking in to say good-morning to each sleepy boy and girl.

BREAKFAST in twenty-five minutes when she isn't even dressed!" I scoffed, jumping out of bed to place my watch in view upon the dressing-table. "Perhaps she has very simple breakfasts," I

considered, hungrily, losing no time in dressing so that I might not miss seeing the curtain rise upon this unusual family.

Fifteen minutes later, I distinctly heard Cousin Clair leave her room and walk briskly down the stairs. Ten minutes in which to prepare breakfast for eight people! I smiled. But, in exactly ten minutes, a bell rang, bedroom doors opened, and down tripped a cheery family, clothed and in their right minds.

Cousin Clair, gay as a morning lark, was waiting beside her chair. In the center of the table there was a bowl of fruit; at each place a fruit plate and knife, behind which was a generous bowl of

[Continued on page 80]



COUSIN CLAIR, GAY AS A LARK, WAS STANDING BEHIND HER CHAIR

THE SEVEN GIFTS

[Continued from page 71]

Queen. The Child kneels down to present her gift, then draws it back to kiss the doll good-by.

Accepting it, the Queen is so impressed by the fact that this gift is a sacrifice, coming from the heart of the giver, that she motions the Child to choose what she will have of all the gifts. The Dear Child examines them all—the empty cage, the jewels, fabrics, which she tries on and struts about in, the cake, the iris, the ball, the flowers, and Jack's box (he jumps at her and makes her laugh), then she sees the star on the tree, and points to it with a gesture which means she wants that!

The Queen motions to the court to leave. They go quietly, to right and left. The Queen starts toward the Child, to take her in her arms, stops half way, turns, and slips out. Left alone, how can the Child decide? She takes the doll from the throne, shows it all the gifts, but the doll, too, shakes her head until she is shown the star; and to this she nods her head to signify "yes."

While the Dear Child and the doll, sitting on the throne, are gazing at the gleaming star, the colored lights are played on this final picture, and the lights on the tree are turned on. Slowly the curtain closes.

Editor's Note.—"The Seven Gifts" can be produced by any one who wishes, with two provisions: As soon as you decide to give it, write us for the author's written permission—this is merely a form but is necessary since the play has been copyrighted by him—but go right on with your rehearsals while you are waiting for the answer, so that you will not be losing any time. The second provision applies only to those who plan to charge admission to the performance of the play. In that case, a fee of five dollars, payable to Christodora Settlement House, and sent in care of McCall's Magazine, is necessary.

DIRECTIONS FOR CUT-OUT

(See page 25)

DIRECTIONS.—After cutting out all parts, slip wings through the slits in the Gryphon's back and paste flaps A and B to back. Next, paste inside brace to back. Line C-D should come down as far as the dotted ground line. When dry, glue back and front together down to the dotted ground line. It would be well now to put the Gryphon under a flat weight, so that he will dry out smoothly. When thoroughly dry, bend the base forward and back. The Gryphon, a fanciful creature, half lion and half eagle, will prove a very helpful being to have about, since guarding hidden treasures is his specialty.



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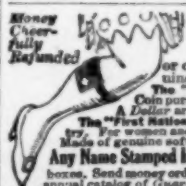


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KEEPING HOUSE BACKWARD

[Continued from page 78]

steaming cereal. "Ah," whispered my hungry inner woman, "no wonder—if they have only fruit and cereal." But, in due time, we were served with crisp bacon, hot biscuits, and chocolate.

"Cousin Clair," I gasped, "You didn't make biscuit this morning?"

"I mixed them while I was getting dinner last night," she explained. "I always make them in the evening and let them stand in the refrigerator until morning."

"But you came down stairs just ten minutes before the breakfast bell was rung," I protested guiltily.

"I came down before I took off my kimono, lighted the gas oven and put the kettle on to boil. When I came down the second time, I popped the biscuits into the oven, made the chocolate, and cooked the bacon. Last night, the girls set the table, mixed the cocoa and sugar, placed the fruit on the table and put the necessary dishes in the warming oven. The cereal was waiting in the fireless, so there was very little for me to do," Cousin Clair explained.

"If Mother were a business man, she would be the greatest efficiency expert living," Cousin John announced proudly.

When breakfast was over, Cousin Clair took inventory of the edible stock in pantry and refrigerator while her three daughters cleared the table. By using their heads as well as their hands, they accomplished this task quickly, making but one trip to the kitchen. Every move the women of this household made reminded me of a well-oiled engine that drove the domestic machinery forward with a quiet force that never lost its power or rhythm. The personality of the mother seemed to run through these little auxiliary engines like a current of electricity.

Dishwashing, that most unromantic of all housekeeping routine, became as fascinating as a game beneath the dexterous fingers of Mary and Helen and Joan who chattered like birds in an aviary. Mary

collected glass and silver and plunged them into hot suds while Helen scraped and sorted the china, and Joan returned to the dining-room to crumb the cloth, run the sweeper over the rug, and dust the furniture. By the time Helen had the china ready to wash, Mary had the glass and silver ready to dry, and while these two girls put the finishing touches on ket-tles, dish-towels, and floor, Joan was replacing the dishes and preparing the table for luncheon. Cousin Clair had disappeared, but from the upper floor there came sounds of swiftly moving footsteps that foretold accomplishment and stimu-

lated my curiosity. When I went up, all the beds were made and Cousin Clair was dusting the hardwood floors with a long-handled brush. I dropped limply upon the top stair and bombarded my energetic cousin with questions while the girls prepared for school.

"I have taught the children to open their windows, throw back their bed-covers, put away their clothes and tidy dressing tables and chiffoniers before they leave their rooms. That leaves very little for me to do," she said.

"But think of the patient years you have spent training them to do all this," I argued.

"Isn't that part of their education as important as arithmetic?" she demanded. "As for the years of preparation, that is part of my housekeeping creed. When they were very little, I began to train them for to-day just as I make biscuits the night before they are needed. Isn't it always the woman who has no conception of the value of time who is never finished with her day's work? Take dish-washing, for example; many a woman gives an hour to this when the job is worth the expenditure of only fifteen or twenty minutes. I wouldn't spend an hour on a task that was worth only fifteen minutes any more than I would spend a dollar for an article that was worth a quarter. I wouldn't

[Continued on page 86]



THE BABY'S LAYETTE

[Continued from page 28]

detachable little wardrobe with it, where the wraps can be hung.

A special nursery table is a great convenience. One can be purchased that is designed particularly for this use. It has a six-inch ledge around the top to prevent the baby's falling off. Any carpenter could attach a ledge to an ordinary kitchen table. There should be a folding screen with washable curtains tied on so that they can be easily removed each week. If you paint or enamel the nursery furniture, choose some softer shade than white.

The most satisfactory bathtub yet made is of enamel ware. The rubber folding tubs are convenient for the first few months, but after that they are outgrown. The bathtub should never be used for anything but the baby's bath. A large-size enamel pail with a cover is needed for the wet diapers, and two large enamel pitchers for bath water. The smallest size enamel cuspidor is better than a chamber; and its use should begin by the second week. The spring scales ordinarily sold for nursery use are difficult to read and easily get out of order. The Infant Welfare stations advise using a beam scale of the counter type. These will weigh in half ounces and up to two hundred pounds, and can be purchased at a moderate price.

The openwork baskets so often sold for toilet articles do not provide sufficient protection from dust. Better than these is a wooden box with a hinged cover. This can be stained or enameled. For this you will need the following:

Baby's soft hair-brush
Soap dish; mild oil soap
Tube vaseline
Zinc oxide ointment
Baby powder.

Package of absorbent cotton, to be kept in a covered glass jar

Three-inch squares of cheesecloth, tacked in bundles of five, sterilized and kept in covered glass jar

Two-ounce bottle each of:

Boric acid, saturated solution
Boric acid, half strength (for eyes)
Liquid vaseline
Alcohol
Olive oil
Liquid alcohol.

If anyone should give you a powder-puff, bath sponge, or pacifier, use them, if you wish, for ornamental purposes on the chiffonier—but on the baby, never!

If you live in the open country, you will not need a baby carriage the first year, and may dispense with one later. A carriage is not an ideal bed. Bassinets are now made mounted on a frame with wheels. One of these may be convenient if you have a porch where the baby can sleep. The little low go-carts should never be used for children under a year and a half old. There is a detachable carriage seat,

[Continued on page 82]

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THE BABY'S LAYETTE

(Continued from page 81)

carefully designed by a physician, that can
be attached to an automobile seat, a din-
ing-room chair or table.

It is wiser to prepare the layette for
the first six months only, and then to add
other garments later, as needed. If a baby
could choose his own clothes, he would
probably select nothing but a blanket, and
that only for cold weather. Take this
hint from the baby, and make clothes that
necessitate the fewest number of gar-
ments, and these the kind that can be put
on with the fewest possible motions.

A baby's skin is very sensitive; so the
undergarments should be soft and non-
irritating. It is probable that most babies
would be happier with no wool next the
skin. The knitted-wear undershirts are
very good. A thin gauze shirt should come
next the skin, unless you select one of the
woolen makes that is knit with only the
cotton thread next the skin. Part-wool
knitted-wear and flannel shrink less than
all-wool and are softer after laundering.
A silk mixture has no advantage over cot-
ton except daintiness. The binders of
knitted wear are softer and more flexible
than those of flannel. These are needed
only until the navel heals—when the baby
is about three weeks old. A double-
breasted shirt does away with any need for
a band with shoulder-straps.

FOR the first two weeks, provide diapers
of soft cheesecloth or old, soft table-
linen. For later use, linen bird's-eye is too
cold, Canton flannel too heavy, Turkish
towel too bulky. Cotton bird's-eye or
the cheapest white outing flannel is best.
There is also a stockinet diaper that is soft
and absorbent, but more expensive. Better
than the triangular method of applying the
diaper is the oblong form fastening at the
sides. Waterproof diapers should be used
only on special occasions. By beginning
the training of the baby when one week
old, the number of soiled and wet diapers
is greatly reduced.

Tapes and snappers for use on the
layette have much to recommend them.

Barrow-coats are an antiquated encum-
brance. The petticoat is now made prin-
cess style, fastening on the shoulders. The
cotton petticoat is only for ornamental
purposes or for very warm weather. Slips
and coats made with the kimono or raglan
sleeve are much easier to put on, launder
and make than those with the set-in sleeve.
The nightgowns made to fasten across the
bottom with snappers are more comfort-
able than those with a draw-string, which
crowd the feet. Dresses are now usually
made twenty-seven inches long, petticoats
twenty-six inches, and nightgowns thirty
inches. A sleeping-bag is the most con-
venient first wrap for cold weather, and a

(Concluded on page 83)

Statement of the Ownership, Manage- ment, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCALL'S MAGAZINE published monthly at New
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W. WALLACE NEWCOMB, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of
October, 1916. HARRY E. FRENCH, Notary Public, Kings
County, No. 30. Certificate filed in New York County,
New York No. 60. My commission expires March 30,
1918.



**Beautifully
Curly, Wavy
Hair Like
"Nature's
Own"**

In three hours you
can have just the
prettiest curls and
waves! And they
remain a long time, when Liquid Silmerine is used
before rolling the hair in curlers.

Liquid Silmerine

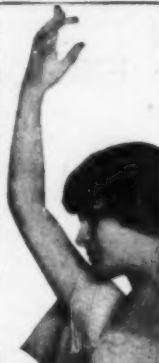
is perfectly harmless. Easily applied with brush.
Hair is nice and fluffy when combed out. Silmerine
is also a splendid dressing. Keeps hair fine and
glossy. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

ALL unwelcome hairs
on arms or face re-
moved instantly with one
application of this famous
preparation. In Paris and New
York, famous beauties have used
it the past 75 years, with approval
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Try it. 50c and \$1. But refuse
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Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods,
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PLAYS

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Pantomimes,
Tableaux, Drills,
Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods,
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MY DRIED-APPLE DOLLS

[Continued from page 15]

or baking cakes that nobody will eat but my long-suffering father, I am ready to begin on a new set of dolls.

At first the work was exceedingly discouraging, owing to the rapid decay of apples, but after months of patient labor I finally discovered a method to preserve them. This is the only secret I have ever kept.

There is a certain amount of cat in my make-up, I must confess, and when purring old ladies ask, "My dear, why don't you marry? Why don't you hunt a husband?" I always think, "Well, with one apple and a handful of trash I could make a handsomer one than yours."

My "studio" in which my works of art and love take form is not, I feel bound in conscience to tell, at all like the big, artistically furnished room one is accustomed to associate with the word. It is, in fact, only the kitchen—our family kitchen. When a big order is being filled, our kitchen looks like a rag-picker's den. The kitchen table is my work-bench; but apple dolls are not fastidious and never resent kettles and pans. My material consists of rolls of faded calico, bundles of wire and string, a handful of cotton, a box of beads, paints, chalk, and glue. My tools are a bent hat-pin, tooth-picks, a penknife, and the ever-useful hairpin.

My first step in making dolls is to carve about twenty or thirty faces, of which sometimes only four or five are fit to use. While these dry, I make the patched clothes in which they are to be dressed.

Every bit of the work of making and dressing the dolls I do myself, as each step is so important to me and I find it easier to do things myself than to teach other people how to do them in exactly my own way.

THE BABY'S LAYETTE

[Continued from page 82]

hood shawl for warm weather. Stockings and booties are not needed before creeping age, except on occasions when the baby is carried out in arms without a sleeping-bag, or when he is allowed to kick on the nursery table or in the open air.

If any baby clothes are bought ready-made, it is advisable to sterilize them before they are used, unless you know they have been made under sanitary conditions. The wise mother will begin about four months beforehand and have everything ready a month before the baby is expected.

Editor's Note.—A complete list of the articles needed for the layette will be sent to anyone on request, if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address The Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine.

Remarkable Sale of Silverware

30 Days' FREE Trial!



No Money In Advance

Here is, without a doubt, a grand opportunity to secure one of the most beautiful 26-piece chests of genuine guaranteed Wm. A. Rogers Silverware. And look at the remarkable bargain price and terms.

Everyone who has seen this tableware says it is as beautiful as any they have ever seen. We want you to see it. You will be delighted and amazed, that's why we send one to any reader of this magazine without remittance of any kind whatever. No money in advance, 30 days' free examination. Simply write your name and address in coupon below. We will at once send you one. When it arrives, examine every piece, see what a wonderful bargain this is, and if you decide that it is one of the greatest bargains you ever saw, simply pay us \$1.00 and pay balance in small monthly payments of only \$1.10 each until our special limited bargain price of only \$9.80 is paid, or you can pay all cash \$9.80; no discount whatever for cash. If you are not pleased with your bargain, simply return the chest to us.

"1881 Rogers A-1"

Think what remarkable tableware this must be. What a bargain this really is when we are ready and willing to send it to you on such unusual terms. Each piece guaranteed full size for table use and made of extra heavy genuine silverplate. Guaranteed 25% heavier than standard plate. This is exceptionally artistic and beautiful silverware. Each piece stamped "1881 Rogers A-1." The unqualified money-back guarantee of quality and wear of the Wm. A. Rogers Co. and the Hartman Co. goes with each outfit. Chest is made of hard wood, beautiful golden oak finish, inside draped with white lining cloth, handles and clasps highly polished metal.

This offer is made to prove that it pays to deal with Hartman's, one of the largest home furnishers in the world selling remarkable bargains on very easy payment credit terms. Hartman's, with its \$12,000,000 capital, numbers among its satisfied customers more than 2,000,000 families in every state in the Union. We will have an enormous sale on this grand bargain, so do not delay, send in the coupon below at once.

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Send no references—no guarantee—no money. Just the coupon below and we will at once send the chest of silverware to you.

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brim full of the most stupendous bargains ever offered—Furniture, Dishes, Stoves, Jewelry, Household Furnishings of every kind. Rugs and Carpets of every shade and color. You will be pleased when you see this catalog. Write post card today for free Catalog "S." Be sure and mention Catalog S. But send coupon today and see silverware.

HARTMAN FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.,
Silverware Dept. 34,
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About 1 1/2 Size of Knife, Fork, Tablespoon, Teaspoon, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife, Showing Rich Effects of Exquisite Beauty Leaf Design



HARTMAN

Furn. and Carpet Co.,
Silverware Dept. 34, Chicago

Send me at once the 26-piece chest of genuine Wm. A. Rogers Silverware. If satisfactory after examination, and I decide to keep it, I will pay you \$1 and the balance in monthly payments of \$1.10 each until I have paid you a total of \$9.80; otherwise I will return the chest of silverware to you at your expense.

Name

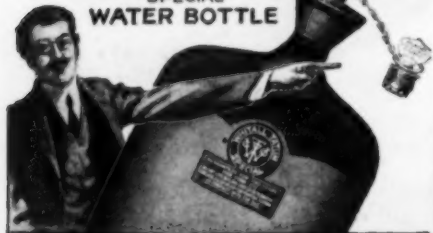
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Whitall Tatum "Special" water bottle is well-made from strong, new rubber and reinforced where strength is most needed. *Guaranteed first 2 years.* Frequently lasts five to ten years. Sold and recommended by druggists.

Two-Qt., \$2. West of Mississippi, \$2.25. Several colors, other sizes.

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HAIR TONIC
NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and strengthens the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. Relieves the scalp of unhealthy accumulations and secretions. Gives a rich gloss, is highly perfumed and free from oil. Makes the hair light and fluffy.

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Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Makes light from common gasoline. No wick. No chimney. Absolutely SAFE.

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SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
131 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



HUMAN PROBLEMS ANSWERED

(Continued from page 24)

high schools the commercial course is also offered. Instead of the country children being sent away from home for the school week, a school bus calls at the homes and the children are transported to and from school in a comfortable conveyance each day."

Solution for "Education for Farm Children"

Winner of Five-Dollar Prize

I HAVE met a problem similar to yours. As you, too, have a car, perhaps my solution may be yours also.

"These were the questions I faced: Should I allow my son and daughter of fourteen and fifteen to board through the school year among strangers or, at least, away from parental authority and guidance five days in the week, or move, myself, into town with them, leaving my husband to get along as best he could? I did neither. I learned to run our machine and I saw that my son and daughter learned also and had thorough understanding of all its mechanism. While we lived in Vermont, which probably has more severe weather than Kansas, we found we could use ours at least three-fourths of the school year. On the one-fourth days we managed in various ways. The two farm horses were utilized with an old surrey, the work they would have done that day being postponed, curtailed, or other farm work substituted which did not need horses. While driving in, in the short winter days, brought us late for the first recitation, this could be made up at recess or at the noon hour by the obliging teachers who understood the situation. Even if it had to be missed altogether, this matter was of no great concern, considering the fact that I had both children there for all other classes that day. Sometimes I drove back home in order that the team might be used for work and then went after the children in the late afternoon. Other days I put the horses in the livery stable and used the hours until school was dismissed in shopping or business for my husband, in visiting some friends, or at the library, in mental recreation with the late magazines. Here I could eat my lunch and have what was to me a 'perfect picnic,' with no stabs of conscience over shirking home duties, since I had accomplished what was to me of greater importance—seeing my children safely to school.

"The cost of running the car, plus the cost of the hours lost from work when we used the horses, totaled a cost far less than the cost of boarding in town for the children (above the cost of their boarding at home) or the cost of my living with them in town and their father at home, even though we had done 'light housekeep-

(Continued on page 90)

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Thousands of
Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 25,000 cases the past 15 years.

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We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

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40 DAYS FREE Without Deposit

When your girth begins to shrink you will wish to own it. TRY IT 40 DAYS AT MY EXPENSE FREE OF ALL CHARGES.

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I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

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You may feel that you can't afford to buy a car, but if you live in the country or town under 10,000 you can get a new 1917 OVERLAND, without cost, as a reward for a few weeks' spare time work in your own community. 40 autos already given away. Write today for my new easy plan. **G. F. ALDRICH, Mgr. S. P. Burns, Inc.**



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58 Chambers St., Dept. 601, New York

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THE CHRISTMAS OF THE GIRL AWAY FROM HOME

By JOSEPHINE GREGORY

A BORROWED-BABIES' party solved the Christmas dilemma for two lonely girls in a small town. They were strangers until Christmas-week, although boarding in the same house. When their Christmas bundles had been safely dispatched to the far distant homes, and the other boarders had left to spend the holidays with various friends, they faced together the prospect of a cheerless Christmas. Then it was that one of the girls had a sudden inspiration.

"Christmas," she exclaimed, "was made for children. Suppose we borrow the wash-woman's babies."

So they did, each of them borrowing a child for Christmas afternoon, to be returned to its mother at bed-time. For the next few days, those two lonely girls had the jolliest time preparing a Christmas surprise for the children. Two inexpensive dolls were purchased, and the daintiest of dresses were fashioned from odd scraps of silk. Two long stockings were filled to bulging with apples, nuts, and other goodies. The two children, who appeared that Christmas afternoon, forgot their bashfulness when they beheld the glories of dolls that were to be undressed and dressed to heart's content, with real stockings such as they had seen in the picture-books; and the two girls forgot that there were such things as lonely, homesick Christmases.

A WAFFLE SECRET

By ELLIS MEREDITH

ONCE upon a time, there was a Pennsylvania Dutch woman who was famous for her waffles and hot cakes; also for having kept the same maid for twenty years. This latter part sounds too good to be true, and it was too good to last—longer than twenty years! One day there were some sharp words between her and the cook, followed by a parting of the ways, and, by way of getting even, Mrs. Cook went forth and told the neighbors the long-cherished secret of the famous pan-cakes.

That was seventy-five years ago and more, and the old lady whose aunt had made the waffles told me the secret of her feathery cakes, and I now pass it on. After all, the only fun of having a secret is to share it with those discreet persons who will properly appreciate it. I don't undertake to explain the chemistry involved, but in making any kind of hot cakes, waffles, flannel-cakes, etc., the result will be very much better if the buttermilk or sour milk used is warmed. It should not be allowed to scald, but it should be stirred until it is uniformly milk-warm. If, when it is at this temperature, the eggs are beaten into it, and the mixture is poured on the flour, you will have a perfect waffle.



GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY

The key to health in old age is the *prevention* of bowel disorder.

Constipation, which becomes more and more chronic with advancing years, frequently makes the burden of old age seem heavy indeed. Yet in most cases constipation can be entirely prevented by a little care in the matter of diet and by supplying in Nujol an efficient substitute for the mucus which exhausted nature no longer provides.

Nujol is not a bowel stimulant. It acts as an internal lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and so promoting normal evacuations.

Your druggist has Nujol. Avoid substitutes. Nujol is sold only in pint bottles bearing the Nujol trademark.

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They'll love it,
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Makes its own gas from Kerosene (coal oil). Gives every
home a gas stove. Absolutely safe. Cheapest fuel known.
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PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL FOR NURSES, 2239 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

KEEPING HOUSE BACKWARD

[Continued from page 80]

slight the task; I would speed up on my motions."

As I watched Cousin Clair dust, I was reminded of a swiftly moving ocean liner that was all gleaming brass and fluttering flags and blaring music above the surface, while below fires burned fiercely and engines pulsed like the monstrous heart of a giant. No wasted motions impeded the progress of her dust-cloth. Suddenly, I realized that there was not a superfluous article in the house. Each chair and table and picture had earned its place in the home, either because of utility or beauty. Not one of her precious moments was squandered on bargain-counter miscellany usually labeled "Novelties, twenty-nine cents each."

"Cousin Clair, I begin to understand why you have so much time for the white hyacinths of life," I confessed. "You spend so little time grubbing in weed patches."

WHEN the dusting was finished, we started to market. Even so commonplace an errand as this became a festive occasion when accompanied by Cousin Clair, who had the blessed faculty of squeezing every drop of juice from the orange of life. The purchases were delivered promptly, so that soon after we reached home I witnessed another demonstration of housekeeping de luxe. Among the groceries was a twenty-five-pound bag of flour which Cousin Clair proceeded to sift into a large stone crock.

"You're not going to sift all of it now?" I questioned.

"Why not?" she asked. "It has to be done and I have more time to do it now than when I'm getting a meal."

I began to estimate the millions of lost seconds Father Time had chalked up on the debit side of his ledger every time the average cook made a cake or a pan of muffins.

Two solid heads of lettuce were the next articles to claim Cousin Clair's attention. These she dissected, washed and piled in a large shallow agate

pan. After sprinkling the lettuce generously with cold water, she placed it in the refrigerator. In five minutes, she had prepared lettuce enough for several meals.

The next package to be disposed of contained two-pound blocks of butter.

WHEN I was young and foolish, I made butter-balls," my resourceful relative explained, "but I have found a much quicker way of preparing it for the table."

From the pantry she brought a small bread-board, a broad-bladed knife, and a few sheets of waxed paper. She cut the paper into sheets about an inch larger than the block of butter, then, standing the butter on end, she cut it down into four even slices. Each slice was lifted onto a sheet of the waxed paper and divided into eight cubes by cutting down the center once and across four times.

"Each layer is enough for a meal," she explained, piling the slices on top of each other. "What is left on the bread-and-butter plates is used for cooking. Now," she observed, "as there is nothing else to be done in the kitchen until luncheon time, I'm going to sew. I'm making eight petticoats for the girls and myself."

How eagerly I welcomed the opportunity of watching Cousin Clair sew! Among the members of our family, the amazing product of her sewing-machine had become traditional. In our imagination, this instrument had become associated with the mythical contrivance that ground out the salt with which the sea is savored.

When Cousin Clair's children were small, she made all their little garments

and, be it said with shame, the woman who could manage a clandestine examination of one of those little frocks was apt to lay it down with a sniff, exclaiming, "No wonder!" The charitable emotion that prompted those kind words was usually the result of finding a forgotten basting or discovering an unfinished seam. These same harmless little "un-Frenched" seams probably



* DISHWASHING BECAME AS FASCINATING AS A GAME

[Con. on page 87]

KEEPING HOUSE BACKWARD

[Continued from page 86]

accounted for the fact that Cousin Clair had kept up her music after a fashion and run off with John for a day's gunning once or twice a year, thus shamefully neglecting her family, according to certain tied-down and tired-out aunts and sisters-in-law. I found myself wondering if, after all, somebody had not put the cart before the horse; if it was not because Clair did keep up her music and occasionally shoulder a gun and tramp through the woods that she was able so conscientiously not to neglect her children?

Eight petticoats! I pictured the disorder of a room in which sewing on such a scale would be conducted. But, aside from the machine, which was installed in a sunny alcove, there was no visible evidence of sewing. From a closet, Cousin Clair brought forth a roll of white material, a pair of scissors and a box of pins. After pushing back several chairs in order to clear a space upon the floor, she knelt and, unwrapping the material, proceeded to cut it into long, bias strips, pinning the ends together as she worked and tossing the long strips over her shoulder into a swirling heap.

"I thought you were going to make petticoats," I ventured timidly, "but you seem to be cutting bandages."

"These are not bandages," she laughed, "they're ruffles! The petticoats are finished, except for these. When I sew, I specialize. I first cut out the eight petticoats and pinned the pieces of each one together. By doing all the cutting at first, I can put away all the patterns and scraps. Sewing is twice as hard for me if the room is cluttered."

After luncheon, the actual sewing of the ruffles began. First, Cousin Clair stitched each strip together, one after the other, never stopping to lift the presser-foot or clip a thread. That was all done later when, with one calculating snip of steel jaws, uneven points were trimmed as the thread was clipped. Next, the hemmer was adjusted and from beneath its little foot raced length after length of material. When the hemming was finished, Cousin Clair unfurled a mile or two of lace edging and proceeded with her stitching. Then, on went the ruffler, whirled the machine and from its puckering fingers dainty ruffles cascaded to the floor.

While the roast and vegetables were cooking for dinner, Cousin Clair stirred up a cake for the next day's luncheon, made biscuit for breakfast, started the cereal in the fireless, and made a jar of salad dressing. Then, she flitted about from pantry to closet measuring into a mixing-bowl yellow corn-meal, flour, sugar, salt and baking-soda. After mixing these dry ingredients, she poured half into another

[Concluded on page 89]



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THE LITTLE GOLD GOD

[Continued from page 21]

your nose!" he said and turned to my dressing-table.

"Hello!" he cried. "What the deuce is this, Betty?"

He had found the Little Gold God and was examining him curiously. The sight of him made me furious.

"That," I said, "is a perfectly worthless mascot! I don't want him! You can chuck him into the ocean if you want to, or grind him up in the stamp-mill. He is supposed to be a perfect marvel—but he is the poorest excuse for a luck-piece I ever heard of!"

"He is supposed to sit up on his throne," said Teddy. "Perhaps you haven't treated him with proper respect?"

"He is supposed to be infallible when he stands on his head," I said disgustedly, "but he absolutely refuses to do it for me!"

"Why then, that's what is the matter!" laughed Ted. "You had actually put him to sleep on the flat of his back, Betty. How can you expect a mascot to work if you don't give him a proper chance?"

"Try it yourself," I said crossly.

Ted tried to balance him, but he toppled right over, just as he always has done for me. Ted picked him up and looked in his fat grinning face.

"Just for that," he threatened him, "I am going to take you up to the assay office and hammer your silly little head as flat as a pancake! Your days of mutiny are over! You have got to get down to business, sir!"

Ted stuffed the Little Gold God in his pocket and picked up my sombrero and, in a few minutes, we had saddled our burros and were off on the road to the upper camp, for the second time that day.

When we tied our burros and walked into the assay office, Ted was still wool-gathering and looking as if he were walking in his sleep. He took the Little Gold God from his pocket and picked up a heavy hammer. He gave a couple of gentle, absent-minded taps to the top of his head. Then he raised the hammer again, this time high in air, and turned toward me, his face ablaze with excitement and his mouth open. He had a most threatening attitude. I knew if he brought the hammer down on the Little Gold God with all the force that his look promised, it would be the last anybody would ever see of my rebellious little mascot; and suddenly I discovered that I couldn't bear to part with him.

But the blow never descended. Instead, Teddy gave a whoop and sent the hammer flying bang across the room in one direction and the Little Gold God whirling recklessly in the other, and yelled "Mescal stalks, Betty!" into my astonished face, as if he had suddenly taken leave of his senses.

He went through the room in three strides; swung himself on his burro, and started down the road at a breakneck speed.

I tumbled into my saddle and started down the road after Ted. We had almost reached the lower camp before I caught up with him.

"For goodness sake, Teddy!" I cried breathlessly, "what is the matter with you?"

For answer, he turned a shining smiling face on me and gasped, "Mescal stalks, Betty, mescal stalks!" Then he impatiently whacked his burro with his quirt and shot ahead again.

I was just behind him when he burst precipitately in on Dad in his office. He landed, breathless, in the middle of the room, and he seemed not only to have lost his mind but all his vocabulary except that gibberish. Dad stared at him a moment and then looked at me, but Teddy just stood and shrieked "Mescal stalks, Dad, mescal stalks!" as if he thought he was delivering a message from the gods. In another moment the effect on Dad was magical. His figure straightened; his eye brightened; and he cried, as crazy as Teddy:

"By Jove, lad! I believe we can!"

"I know we can!" shouted Teddy. "The Mexicans used them for a bonfire when they stole those turkeys and had their big barbecue. They will burn like tinder, and the Island is covered with millions of them. We can put the whole camp at work cutting, and the mules and burros at hauling, and we can have a stack by to-morrow night, half a big as the power-house!"

Then I began to see light. I knew the mescal plant. It is all over the Island. It looks like a gigantic cabbage, with every leaf ending in a dagger-like spike. When I came down this summer they were all in full bloom but now the Island is covered merely with the shriveled stalks. And that stuff, Ted said, has half as many heat units as coal!"

To-morrow we shall all be up at dawn. Ted and Dad and a couple of Mexicans have been at work all evening, making experiments in the power house, and if it burns as they hope, every man and beast on Rosario will be put at work to-morrow cutting and stacking and hauling and by to-morrow night the mill will be going full blast.

Teddy has just come in, wild with enthusiasm. His hair is all mussed and his face is hot and moist and streaked with smudges.

"Kid!" he cried, "Betty! Oh, Bettikins! The whole blamed mescal plant burns! Stalk, cabbage and all!"

[To be concluded in the January McCall's]

KEEPING HOUSE BACKWARD

[Continued from page 87]

bowl which was covered and placed on a pantry shelf. "I'm going to have corn muffins for dinner. The next time I want them, I will only have to add the egg and buttermilk to the ingredients in the bowl I put in the pantry. There is no sense in going through these measuring operations twice," she insisted. "I follow the same rule when I make pie-crust. It keeps perfectly in the ice-box for a week if no liquid is mixed with it."

It was not until bed-time, however, that my conventional ideas of housekeeping received their most severe shock. At ten o'clock, Cousin John went to his room, and the boys to the cellar to attend to the furnace for the night. This seemed to be the signal for Cousin Clair and her daughters to display what appeared to be an unnatural activity. The girls brought in vacuum-sweeper, dust-cloth, and floor-mop. Cousin Clair, armed with a wastebasket, collected the day's refuse of newspapers, bits of embroidery-cotton, circulars, and cigar ashes. These she took to the kitchen to be emptied in the morning. While she restored books and magazines to their places, one of the girls ran the sweeper over the rug, another used the floor-mop on the hardwood border and another dusted the furniture. At ten minutes after ten, the room was in perfect order and the window-shades were raised. Those ten minutes of concerted effort had dispelled what would otherwise have been shrouded, early morning gloom.

"Mother likes the living-room to have its face washed and its hair combed when we come down in the morning," Joan explained, whimsically.

"My house is my castle," Cousin Clair quoted. "Because every other woman in the world dusts her living-room in the morning is no reason why I should. I refuse to allow the hum-drum routine of existence to rob me of all the joys of life. I'm the boss of this house; it is not the boss of me," she exclaimed vehemently. "Why should I spend my fresh, creative, morning energy on inspiration-sapping detail? We all have the same number of minutes in a day; ever since I began keeping house, I have been striving to crowd more work into fewer minutes so I could have some time to play. John told me once that a man was worth a dollar-and-a-half a day below the ears, and as much as he could earn above the ears," she continued, surveying the room with pride. "That bit of philosophy works out beautifully in housekeeping. I try to make the woman below my ears toil when the woman above my ears is sleepy."

I pondered this for a moment. "Well, Cousin Clair," I sighed, finally, "I am absolutely certain that the woman above your ears has insomnia!"



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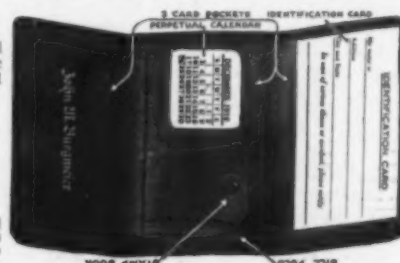
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HUMAN PROBLEMS ANSWERED

[Continued from page 84]

ing' and been as economical as possible. Yet this total running expense was very considerably reduced by our carrying two other children who came to a cross-road to meet us daily and rode the remaining five miles to school. These children paid one dollar each per week—at the rate of ten cents a ride, which was the same paid by many scholars using electric cars to school from the farms. This meant the same valuable solution to them as my driving our car and horses meant to our own children, and it may be that the woman near Fort Larned could, in solving her own problems as I did mine, solve the problems of others and reduce her own running expenses.

"The hours in the open air which I would otherwise not have had, made me a new woman physically, despite the fact that in the beginning I considered myself too nervous to run a car and felt almost certain that the energy thus spent and the nervous tension, plus the loss of time for household duties which must somehow be done before bedtime, would probably prove my plan a very foolish one. However, test showed it to be as happy a thought as ever came to me. I had a new value in the eyes of the children and my husband, and my frequent trips to town made me a broader woman. I was able to keep in touch with friends and interests, whereas in the past, grange meetings and an occasional Sunday to church were almost the only occasions on which I left home. Having the children at home provided me with help in household duties I would otherwise not have had. Best of all, our little family was kept together at a time when the children needed both father and mother as never before."

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[Concluded on page 91]

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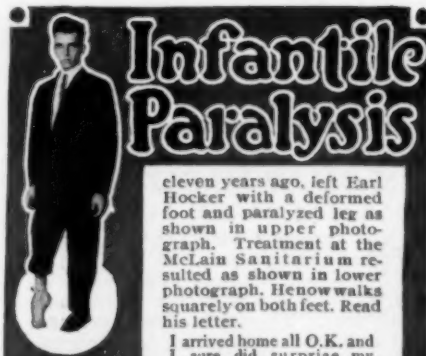


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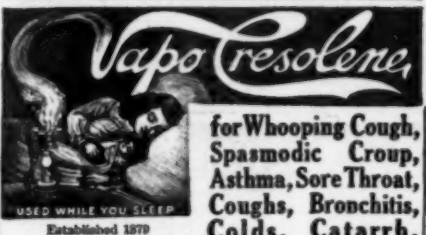
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HUMAN PROBLEMS ANSWERED

[Continued from page 90]

Two children are not twice as much care as one. They are only half as much care as one discontented, fretful child, envious of the group of ragamuffins on the street. The boys now go to school together, and their affection for one another is so great they do not care to play with other children. Mrs. S. answers all their questions frankly, and she has, so far, kept them informed ahead of the rowdies in the neighborhood, so that when a bribe of 'Come and play with me and I'll tell you something' turns out to be a morsel that otherwise might be harmful, Johnnie replies, 'Pooh, my Mother told me all about babies long ago.'

"There will always be inconveniences in taking in or dealing with other people's children. But a mother who holds her child's happiness as above a little personal annoyance will be glad to do it.

"Mrs. Y. has solved the problem a little differently. Her little girl is four years old. Realizing that her daughter would probably have to mingle in school with the same children the mother thought were now unfit to play with her, Mrs. Y. bravely invited in four of the most promising. Every morning from ten to twelve she is mistress of a sort of kindergarten, to use her own words. It has proven quite a success. The outsiders are delighted to get in and are on their good behavior for the sake of their party that comes once a week. The little urchins are as quick to pick up good habits as bad ones, and the simple instruction they are given in various things has set the pace for her own child who needed an incentive along many lines. They play under supervision, always, though often that means that Mrs. Y. sits within ear-shot. At least an hour is devoted to busy work each morning, more if the children are in the mood. They play games of all sorts, and use the piano to march by. I asked her if this was not a bother every morning and she said, 'Ella has improved so much, both mentally and physically, since we started, and she is so happy every afternoon planning for the next day, that I am getting interested, myself, and am reading up on kindergarten methods and expect to take some work by correspondence.'

Editor's Note.—A large number of answers were received to the three other problems published in August entitled "The Empty Church," "A Parent Problem," and "Finds Life a Mad Rush," showing the wide interest that these problems awakened. None of the answers, however, seemed to offer any practical way out of the difficulties involved, and so they could not justly be termed "solutions" for the problems. For this reason, no solutions to these three problems will be printed.



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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO PEBBLY CREEK

[Continued from page 12]

could place a relative value on the decorations, so three patriarchs of the valley were selected to act as judges. Not only the good cheer of the radiant morning, but also a pleasant, self-conscious touch of pride showed in their sinewy backs, as they started out on muleback for their round of inspection.

A stimulating, not altogether unpleasant, sense of danger ran through the day. The three young fellows who might have been possible ringleaders in making trouble were invited to take dinner with us. That subsidence in the joviality of the Christmas meal that follows the appearance of the plum-pudding had fallen upon the table, when suddenly, outside, arose much din and clamor. Could it be possible, we asked ourselves, that owing to those empty, unsatisfying hours of early afternoon, Pebbly Creek had fallen from its high purpose? We rushed to the door with apprehension, chilling our blood. Without adieu, our three guests broke past us for the road. There before our house, trooped a loose procession, shouting and chattering like a flock of happy children, and before it was borne the Stars and Stripes tied to a hickory pole. It was Pebbly Creek marching in a body down the road to meet the judges. Such a democratic throng it was—some afoot, some on muleback; men, women and children; hunting-dogs flanking the march with joyful yelps of excitement; a cow that had gotten caught in the march and was herded on in the mass; even a couple of nervous, excited hens.

It was three-quarters of an hour before the sound of their returning broke the stillness. Then came a shout of triumph, the ringing of dinner bells, the shrieking lilt of a falsetto mountaineer song, with the punctuating blare of a tin horn. One woman, the originator of the paper roses, was prevented by a sick child from joining the procession, but with her flock of children gathered about her, she watched the march from her door-step.

She said later, "I was that happy, I laughed and I cried. The children might have thought I was crying for sorrow, but it was just the joy in my heart. And when I heard the bells ringing, the Lord just put in my heart an old song my pap used to sing, 'The Heaven bells is ringing.' I said to the children, 'We ain't got no bell to ring, but let's sing her.' So we sang her—'O, the Heaven bells is ringing.' It just fitted the 'casion and before I knew it, I was flapping my arms and shouting. I said, 'What if anybody hears me singing and that baby lying sick.' So I choked and smothered the song back down, but I couldn't stop it from coming out. When Uncle Brodson was riding along carrying

[Concluded on page 93]

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HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO PEBBLY CREEK

[Continued from page 92]

that flag, his face just shone as he never will face it to the world again. 'Children,' I said, 'just look at Uncle Brodson's face.' When I heard that horn a-blowing I said, 'That's Gabriel blowing his trumpet. Seems like Pebbly Creek is just Heaven and he's a-blowing his horn.' Sure the Lord was in Pebbly Creek that day. He was right here walking up and down the road. 'But,' I said, 'children, why shouldn't He be here as well as anywhere else?'

Our "Christmas bush" that night was a whole holly tree, the lighted candles glittering on the red berries and on the gifts. From the hill-tops and the valleys miles and miles around, visitors rode in to see it. Perhaps, wiser than we, they suspected that there were revolvers hidden in the hip-pockets of Pebbly Creekers; but I like to believe that they, too, caught the clean joy of our day. However it may have come about, from their first arrival in our settlement to the last sound of a departing hoof-beat on the trails, there was never a more orderly gathering than that which crowded the little meeting-house.

Santa Claus was there in all the friendly joviality of red suit and white beard, on his first visit to these ranges. The clumsy antics of the valley wit, performing a part he had never witnessed, met with uproarious enthusiasm. He held absolute sway over the people and beamed on the little children as they recited their inevitable "Night Before Christmas" and "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking." To be sure, each person in the place had heard these recitations innumerable times during the days of preparation. For a week past, the settlement had been rehearsing its program in public, but that diminished no whit their pleasure in the ultimate performance. The novelty which we require is a product of over-civilization.

Santa Claus held reign over the gathering until it came time to close with our Christmas carols—the first carols that these people had ever sung with joy upon a frosty Christmas night. Best of all the carols, they loved Royal David's City with its cattle shed.

"Where a mother laid her baby
In a manger for its bed."

To them, this was no empty symbol dulled by repetition; it was fact. They knew, of themselves, the pang and joy of motherhood; they knew the pinch of want at such times; they knew the chilly drafts of their own stables. While they sang:

"And His shelter was a stable
And his cradle was a stall"

slow tears rolled down their cheeks. Like the shepherds of old, Pebbly Creek, that night, was laying its best at the feet of the Christ Child.



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- Gift Number
21-M—Birthstone Ring, 12-K Gold-filled (mention birth month and size)
43-M—Steel Embroidery Scissors, nickel-plated
44-M—Buttonhole Scissors, Forged Steel, Nickel-plated
46-M—Nickel-plated Steel Scissors, 5 or 6 ins.
129-M—Ladies' Pocketbook, Seal-Grain Leather
248-M—Rogers Silver Nutcracker and Six Picks
275-M—Sterling Silver Thimble (mention size)
320-M—Toothpick or Match Holder, Silver-plated
531-M—Dressmakers' Skirt Gage (a necessity)
714-M—Magnetic Scissors, 6 ins. long
723-M—Rogers Silver Cream Ladle, Arbutus Design
738-M—Baby Signet Ring, Gold-filled (engraved with any one initial)
748-M—Fifty Colored Post Cards, European Views
770-M—Four Hand-colored Pillow Tops, 22x32
802-M—Pair Ladies' Black Silk Lisle Stockings
806-M—Christmas Package, 204 Post Cards and Tags
827-M—German Silver Mesh Purse, 5x3 1/4 ins., Long Chain
859-M—Silver Butter Knife, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
860-M—Silver Sugar Shell, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
878-M—Hemstitched Bureau Scarf, 18x59 ins., Floral Border
899-M—Ladies' Mercerized Shoulder Scarf, 25x63 ins., White or Blue
909-M—Boys' Pocket Knife, 4 Blades, Bone Handle
931-M—Stenciled Outfit, 12 Designs and All Supplies
940-M—Girls' Heart Pendant and Chain, Gold-filled
943-M—Pearl Bead Necklace, 14 1/2 ins.
944-M—Tooth Brush and Ebony Comb and Brush
956-M—Six Embroidered Lawn Handkerchiefs
997-M—Mesh Coin Purse, German Silver
1011-M—Bureau Scarf, Imitation Renaissance, 18x50 ins.
1032-M—Embroidery Outfit, Regular Price 50c
1049-M—Four French Hand-colored Pillow Tops, 17x21 1/4 ins.
1052-M—Stamped Linen Table Cover, 36x36 ins.
1063-M—Birthstone Lavalliere, 15-in. Chain (mention birth month)
1064-M—Three Pairs Ladies' Black Stockings
1084-M—"Kewpie" Doll, Flesh-Color Blague, 6 ins.
1100-M—French Ivory Cuticle Knife, Nail File and Button Hook
1110-M—Ebonyed Comb, Brush and Mirror Set
1114-M—Two Stamped, Hemstitched Guest Towels, 16x24 ins.
1118-M—"Wonder" Transfer Outfit, 200 Patterns
1121-M—"Model" Fountain Pen, 14-K Gold Point
1133-M—Rose-Head Necklace, 15 ins., Colors: Rose, Blue, Pink, Red, Yellow, and Heliotrope
1135-M—Everybody's Dictionary, 794 Pages, Cloth
1141-M—Silver-plated Bud Vase, 7 ins. high
1148-M—Needleworkers' Book of 142 Needles
1155-M—Two Heavy Turkish Bath Towels, 20x40
1156-M—"Ideal" Crochet Workers' Set, Price 50c
1158-M—Cook Book of Left-Overs, 254 Pages
1159-M—Twelve "Reely-truely" Cloth Cut-Out Dolls
1163-M—Twenty-four Moving Picture Pennants
1164-M—Toy Cardboard Automobile and Garage
1173-M—Birthstone Brooch, Sterling Silver (mention birth month) Gold-plated

Your Choice for 3 Subscriptions

- 378-M—Ladies' Signet Ring, 12-K Gold-filled (this ring engraved with any two letters)
677-M—Bureau Scarf, Fleur-de-Lis Design, 18x50
704-M—Drawn-work Bureau Scarf, 18x50 ins.
719-M—Rogers Silver Meat Fork, Arbutus Design
727-M—Rogers Silver Meat Fork, Arbutus Design
759-M—Net Lace Shoulder Scarf, 19x37 ins.
828-M—Child's Table Silver Set, 4 Pieces
865-M—Silver Pickle Fork, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
865-M—Silver Meat Fork, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
918-M—Manicure Outfit, 4 Pieces, Leather Case
937-M—Shawl, Shetland Floss Wool, 24x61 ins.
938-M—Lunch Cloth, 45x45, Im. Mex. Drawn-work
998-M—Hug-Me-Kiddy Doll, 11 1/2 ins.
1010-M—Table Square, 36 ins., Im. Renaissance
1053-M—Ebonyed Comb, Brush and Clothes Brush
1070-M—Teddy Bear, 12 ins. High



Gift 1063-M

Your Choice for 3 Subscriptions

Any one of the 9 articles named below GIVEN for sending only 3 yearly McCALL'S MAGAZINE subscriptions at 50c each (75c in Canada)

- Gift Number
1083-M—Ladies' Short Silk Gloves, Black or White
1085-M—Pair Embroidered Initial Pillow Cases, 22x22 ins. (Mention Initial)
1096-M—Wicker Violet Bowl, Made by Blind, 6x3 1/4
1102-M—Ladies' Leather Handbag, Wairus Grain, 8x6 1/2 ins.
1139-M—Talking Baby Doll, 9 ins. High
1142-M—Lucky Horseshoe Ring, Sterling Silver, genuine Garnet setting. (Mention size)
1143-M—Ready-made Nightgown, Stamped to Embroider. (Sizes 15, 16 and 17)
1154-M—"Favorite" Card Recipe Cabinet, 126 Cards
1160-M—Book 253 "Songs That Never Grow Old"

Your Choice for 4 Subscriptions

- 77-M—Pair of Lace Curtains, 101x32 ins.
239-M—Ladies' Fountain Pen, 14-K Gold Point
374-M—Boys' Watch, Nickel Silver, Stem Wind
626-M—Automatic Savings Bank, Holds Thirty Dollars in Dimes
633-M—Ladies' Leather Handbag, 10x6 1/2 ins., Card Case and Purse
702-M—Eagle Fountain Pen Set and Magic Knife
717-M—Manicure Outfit, 9 Pieces in Box
722-M—Rogers Silver Berry Spoon, Arbutus Design
729-M—Six Rogers Silver Coffee Spoons, Arbutus Design
737-M—Baby Ring, Heart Pendant and Pins, Gold-filled
826-M—Imported Clock, Brass or Gun Metal Finish, 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 ins.
858-M—Silver Gravy Ladle, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
941-M—Ladies' Locket and 18-in. Chain, Gold-filled
990-M—American Food Chopper, Size 10 (Collect)
1063-M—Girls' Seamless Tubing Bracelet, Gold-filled
1031-M—Pair Elbow Silk Gloves, Black or White
1057-M—Book "Women of History," 448 Pages
1059-M—Dainty Table Cloth, Mercerized Damask, 72x84 ins.
1089-M—Unbreakable Baby Doll, 21 ins. Dress
1153-M—French Ivory Manicure Set, 4 Pieces and Tray
1157-M—"Eveready" Electric Flashlight, 6 1/2 ins.

Your Choice for 5 Subscriptions

- 78-M—Pair Lace Curtains, 104x28 ins.
614-M—Boy's Steam Engine, "Weeden Upright" (sent collect)
795-M—"Webster's Dictionary, 1000 Pages, Leather Bound
799-M—Self-Filling Fountain Pen, 14k. Gold Point
855-M—Six Silver Teaspoons, "Community" Reliance Plate, Rose Pattern
893-M—Imported Desk Clock, 4x3 1/2 ins., Nickel or Brass Finish
978-M—Mesh Bag, German Silver, 4 1/2 ins.
1023-M—Leather Handbag, Seal Grain, 7 1/2 x 9 ins., Safety Clasp
1028-M—Natural Fern, in Brass Dish, Preserved
1062-M—French Ivory Bed Set, 9 Pieces
1067-M—Dainty White Bed Quilt, 72x83 ins.

Your Choice for 6 Subscriptions

- 616-M—Boy's Rotary Printing Press and Outfit (sent collect)
697-M—Boy's Monogram Watch (Your Initial on Back)
757-M—Couch Cover, Oriental style, 6x4 feet (sent collect)
892-M—Folding Umbrella, fits in suitcase
1029-M—Beautiful Rug, 26x35 ins. (sent collect)
1065-M—Presto Junior Camera, Model B, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 in. pictures
1105-M—Daisy Air Rifle, 350-shot Repeater

Your Choice for 7 Subscriptions

- 235-M—Ladies' Kid Gloves, White, Black or Tan
1097-M—"Hearty Songs," 400 Favorites, Words and Music, Morocco Bound
1124-M—Solid Gold Lavalliere, Pearl and Garnet
1136-M—Coffee Percolator, 99 per cent. Pure Aluminum, 2 quarts.



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TO CLEAN WHITE STATUARY.—When white statuary becomes discolored, dissolve some starch in cold water; add to it gradually a sufficient amount of boiling water to make it the right consistency, and stir. Paint the statuary with this mixture; and when it is cold, remove the starch surface. The dirt will come off with the starch, leaving the statuary as good as new.—M. M., Union Hill, New Jersey.

TO REMOVE TACKS EASILY.—When tacks are driven too far into a hardwood floor to be removed easily, a drop of oil poured on and around the tack will prove a wonderful help. The oil acts as a lubricant on the rusty head and hardwood surface beneath.—H. H., Chicago, Illinois.

TO MAKE EGGS FLUFFY.—When frying eggs, to keep the whites light and fluffy, always have the fat hot. Break in the eggs, one at a time, as fast as possible; sprinkle with salt and pepper; then add a dash of boiling water. Cover with a tight lid and let fry for a few seconds. In this way, eggs are free from grease or fat when served, and the whites are not leathery. This method of cooking will require a little time to be well mastered, as one must move rather fast.—F. J. C., Los Angeles, California.

A MILDEW REMEDY.—To remove mildew spots from kid gloves and kindred articles, hang them in a small wooden box and pour a tablespoonful of strong ammonia-water into a saucer and place under them so it will not touch them. Let the water fume over night, and by morning, the mildew spots will have completely vanished.—C. C. A., Chatsworth, Georgia.

SAVING CELERY LEAVES.—When washing celery for the table, save the leaves from the stock. Wash them thoroughly, putting them into a pie-pan, and set in a warm place about the stove. When, after two or three days, the leaves are dry, rub them through a small wire strainer or

sieve. This crumbles the leaves into tiny green particles which make a savory flavoring for soups, and a pretty garnish for salads.—Mrs. F. H. Y., Columbus, Ohio.

FOR FROSTY WASH-DAYS.—Often in cold weather, clothespins freeze to the clothes and are hard to remove without causing a tear. This danger can be easily avoided, however, by first soaking the pins in salt and water.—Mrs. B. M., Holland, Michigan.

A FRYING HINT.—When frying doughnuts or oysters in deep fat, drop a pared potato into the boiling grease. It will keep the grease from burning.—G. R. S., Ottawa, Ohio.

TREATMENT OF FROZEN EGGS.—Every farmer's wife knows what it is to have frozen eggs in the winter, and the aggravating cooked appearance of the yolk of the egg after it has thawed out. To avoid this, place the frozen eggs in water as hot as you can bear you hand in. Set on the back of the range where it will keep warm for one hour, and your eggs will be as good as new.—A. L. S., Fontana, Kansas.

SAVING THE GAS RANGE.—Gas stoves so often become rusty because many women close the doors before the oven is cold. The moisture then collects and causes rust. If the doors are left open, however, until the air has evaporated the moisture, the oven will be thoroughly dried. The life of the range will be prolonged if this precaution is taken.—E. E. G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Editor's Note.—We want your best ideas and suggestions for every phase of the home woman's activities. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas which have appeared in print or are not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts which enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope will be returned.



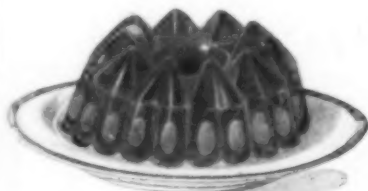
The Birthday Party.

Nan is six years old. Mamma and Bobbie are giving her a party. And what a dinner mamma has prepared! Just now she is serving a Jell-O course, and there is no mistaking the children's approval. They all like Jell-O because it is delicious and beautiful. It is so pure, wholesome and nutritious that it is better for them than any other kind of dessert.

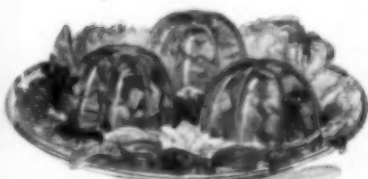
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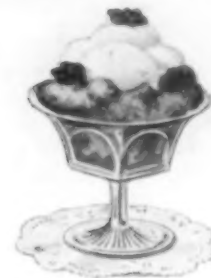
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